

Classic Trains

WINTER 2018

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

Jim Shaughnessy on the Quebec Central

A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER VISITS
A RURAL PARADISE OF STEAM p.20

1968

Pullman's
final summer

p. 62

Early years
at Conrail p.34

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ONLINE
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plus

By train from
Mexico City to
Missouri, 1945 p.30

Rock Island's
spelling
problem p.58

Burlington
trains at
Billings p.42



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This Issue



On our cover
Pacific 2554 departs East Angus, Que., with Quebec Central's daily Quebec City-Sherbrooke passenger train in April 1954. Jim Shaughnessy

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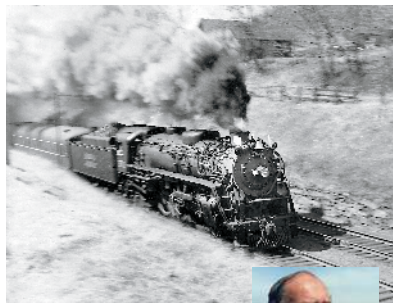
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Farewell to two giants

Two giants of rail photography have passed since our last issue. On August 7, Jim Shaughnessy, 84, died after an illness of several months. A lifetime resident of Troy, N.Y., Jim (a civil engineer by profession) took up the camera in the late 1940s. His credit line first appeared in *TRAINS* in 1952, and he soon established himself as a leading railroad lensman. He was also an author, penning major books on the Rutland and Delaware & Hudson as well as scores of articles, illustrated with his own photos, for *TRAINS* and other publications. Jim's regular contributions to *CLASSIC TRAINS*, starting with our second issue (Summer 2000), led to "The Shaughnessy Files," a series of 36 articles that began in 2007 and ends with his piece on the Quebec Central on page 20 of this issue. Jim received the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's photography award in 1987, and his work was the subject of two books, *A Call of Trains* (2008) and *Essential Witness* (2017). Jim's photographs are to become part of the collection of the Center for Railroad Photography & Art (CRPA).



Jim Shaughnessy's famous "Hail Mary" shot of Boston & Maine No. 3713 on a 1956 excursion appeared in our second issue.



John Gruber's 1962 view of Duluth & Northeastern No. 16 served for years as the emblem of the Center for Railroad Photography & Art. John founded the Center in 1997.



The Center's founder and first president was John Gruber, who succumbed to a brief illness on October 9 at age 82 in Madison, Wis. Barely two weeks earlier, he was in Sacramento as a presenter at an exhibit of photographs by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, the subject of his final book, published recently by CRPA. John was a gifted, creative photographer who burst on the scene in 1960 with bold, precedent-shattering images of trains and their environment; later, he became known for his portraits of railroaders at work, receiving the R&LHS photography award in 1994. A University of Wisconsin journalism graduate, John had a career in the UW's publications office; upon retirement in 1995, he became editor of Pentrex's new *Vintage Rails* magazine. *VR* shut down in 1999, but in showing there was a market for a high-quality magazine devoted to 20th-century North American rail history, it paved the way for *CLASSIC TRAINS*. John was a contributing editor and a regular author in *CT* from our

second issue, authoring 14 articles in the "Great Photographers" series.

We'll deeply miss Jim and John, but the great work of these two fine, talented, driven men will endure for as long as there is an audience for railroad photography.

Robert S. McGonigal
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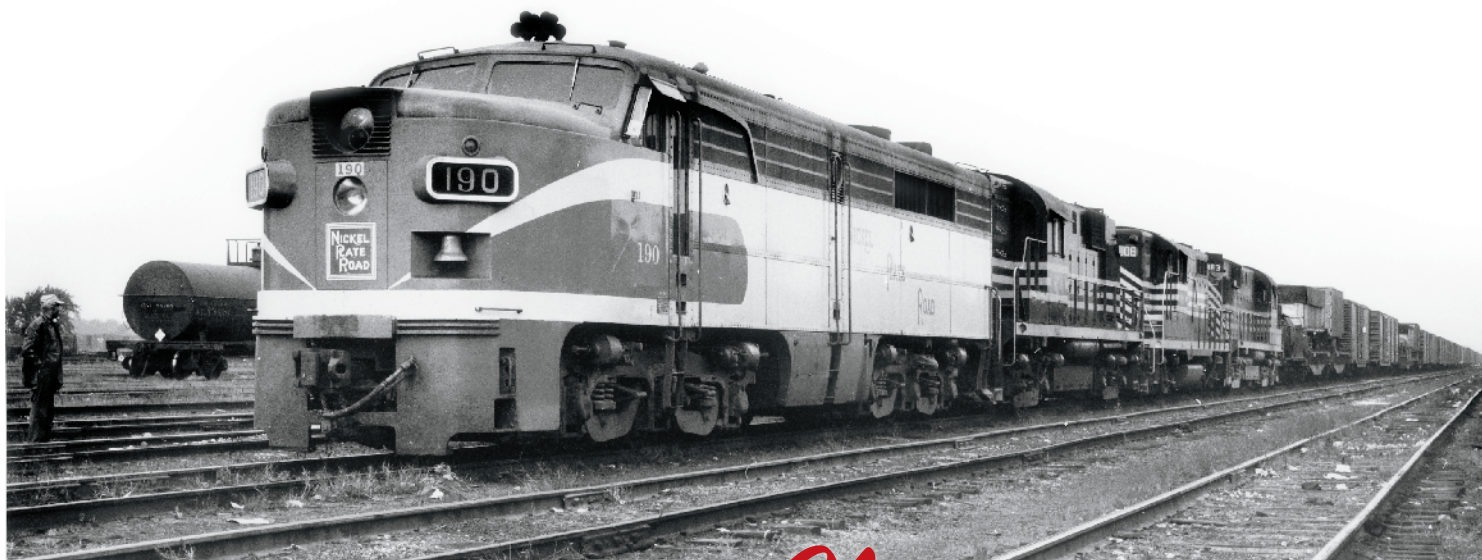


A potpourri of railroad history, then and now

HeadEnd

WE MISS . . .
Concise locomotive
model designations.
The likes of today's
"SD70ACe (T4C)" and
"MP40PHTT4AC" hard-
ly roll off the tongue.

Soo Line



Classy FREIGHT POWER

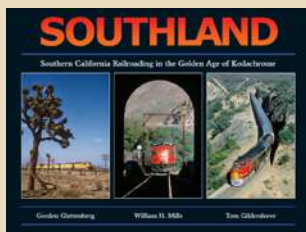
In the 1960s, passenger diesels idled by train-offs sometimes found work, at least for a while, on freights. Nickel Plate Road Alco PA No. 190 (above) leads Alco and EMD road-switchers on a westbound freight awaiting a highball at Bellevue, Ohio, on September 20, 1960. A dazzling *five* silver Burlington Route E5As and Bs (left) head up a southbound Colorado & Southern freight at Larkspur, Colo., in October 1967. Above: Paul Maximuke; left: Ken Crist, Frank and Todd Novak collection

Celebrities at Sunnyside

Two notable members of the Pennsylvania's GG1 fleet are together at Sunnyside Yard, New York, in September 1955. On the left in Tuscan red, waiting to back onto its train, is 4876, rebuilt two years previously after its spectacular runaway crash into Washington Union Station. Passing with a Lehigh Valley train is 4935, repainted in 1977 (with then-owner Amtrak's blessing) into the dark green it wears here. Both survive: 4876 is derelict in Baltimore, while 4935 is pristine in Strasburg, Pa. James G. La Vake



Reviews

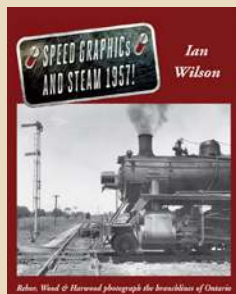


Southland: Southern California Railroading in the Golden Age of Kodachrome

Photos by Gordon Glattenberg, William H. Mills, and Tom Gildersleeve. White River Productions, Bucklin, Mo.; 877-787-2467. 256 pages. \$79.95.

A not-so-subtle theme wends its way through this magnificent book: if you're not from Southern California, you'll wish you were after losing yourself in this sun-splashed world of railroading from the early 1950s into the 1970s. Meticulously designed and beautifully printed, it says all there is to say about the wonders of the Santa Fe, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and a host of other railroads of that era as depicted by three masters of Kodachrome slide film. From the crowded urban districts of L.A. to the vast empty spaces of Cajon Pass, Tehachapi, and the Mojave, the 346 images present a dizzying array

of PAs on *Chiefs*, SP Geeps and cab units on freight, and UP streamliners, along with a dose of Pacific Electric, Kaiser Steel, SP in the Owens Valley, and other non-mainstream subjects. Deeply informative captions and seven handsome maps help make sense of it all. — *Kevin P. Keefe*

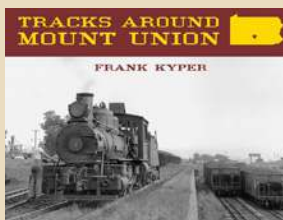


Speed Graphics and Steam 1957!

By Ian Wilson; photos by John Rehor, Don Wood, and Herb Harwood. Self-published, Orillia, Ontario; 705-327-5397. 192 pages. \$69.95.

Perhaps the most romanticized aspect of railroading's past is the branch line. This album perpetuates that ideal with a look at Canadian National and Canadian Pacific secondary lines in southern Ontario in the late steam era. This mostly monochrome look at the

trains, stations, and shops of the era mixes in some color images as well. Maps show the region as a whole as well as details of towns along the routes, which should appeal to historians and modelers alike. — *Brian Schmidt*

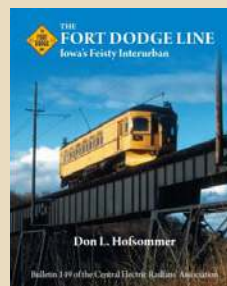


Tracks Around Mount Union

By Frank Kyper. Garbely Publishing Co., Branchville, N.J.; 801-896-4726. 133 pages. \$50.

This well-written, profusely illustrated softcover book tells the fascinating story of the several railways — of three gauges — in a small Pennsylvania town. There's the busy PRR main line, relocated onto a big fill and massive viaduct around 1906, the 3-foot-gauge trackage of the East Broad Top and two brick-making plants, and a 2-foot line inside Pennsy's only tie plant. The mighty PRR and the famous EBT get a lot of attention, while the passages on the more

obscure operations are real eye-openers. Author Kyper's family connections to Mount Union bring a depth to his study of the place. — *Robert S. McGonigal*



The Fort Dodge Line: Iowa's Feisty Interurban

By Don L. Hofsommer. Central Electric Railfans' Association, P.O. Box 503, Chicago, IL 60690. 224 pages. \$65.

This look at the classic Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern debuts in the venerable Central Electric Railfans' Association's 80th year. Author Hofsommer brings together his trademark research with period photos, timetables, a roster, and detailed maps and equipment drawings. There are even 16 pages of color photos at the end. It is the definitive work on the definitive Iowa interurban. — *B.S.*

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Locomotives on railways outside North America, even those produced by U.S. builders for export, are usually readily identifiable as "foreign," what with the differences in clearances, gauge, couplers, and carbody styles often found overseas. Here's an exception. Korean National Railways 6351, looking every bit the red-blooded American road-switcher, is the first of 40 SDP38s that EMD built for the Asian nation's standard-gauge system in 1967. Foreign orders actually accounted for 59 percent of all SD38-series units built, and KNR's were the only SDPs. Orange-and-black No. 6351 is at Gimcheon, South Korea, in 1980. Robert C. Del Grosso



CLASSIC TRAINS crew changes

There's a new name

on our masthead this issue:

Associate Editor Brian Schmidt. We'll be sharing Brian with TRAINS magazine, whose staff he joined in 2012 after graduating from Lourdes University with a degree in English literature. Brian became a railfan early in life with an HO scale train set. He grew up in northwest Ohio with the Alcos of Indiana Hi-Rail and later came to prefer the mainline action of CSX. A fan of the Milwaukee Road (and the Green Bay Packers) since before his move to Wisconsin, Brian has a keen interest in railroad history, and so will be a great addition to our staff.



Brian Schmidt

Brian will be assuming some of the duties formerly handled by Senior Editor J. David Ingles. Dave has been a member of our staff, on a part-time basis, since our first issue in 2000. He'll continue with us as contributing editor, working from his home near the Kalmbach offices. A titan of railroad journalism, "JDI" joined the TRAINS staff in 1971, serving the magazine in various capacities until 2007. Dave's encyclopedic knowledge of the American rail network, skillful editorial touch, and immense slide collection have been, and will continue to be, invaluable to us. — R.S.M.



Dave Ingles

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Weekly blog

Columnist Kevin Keefe reflects on the places he's been, the people he's met, and how railroading's history impacts the industry today.



MILEPOSTS

A blog from Classic Trains columnist Kevin P. Keefe

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Trains editor, David Morgan, so named the NP in 1985

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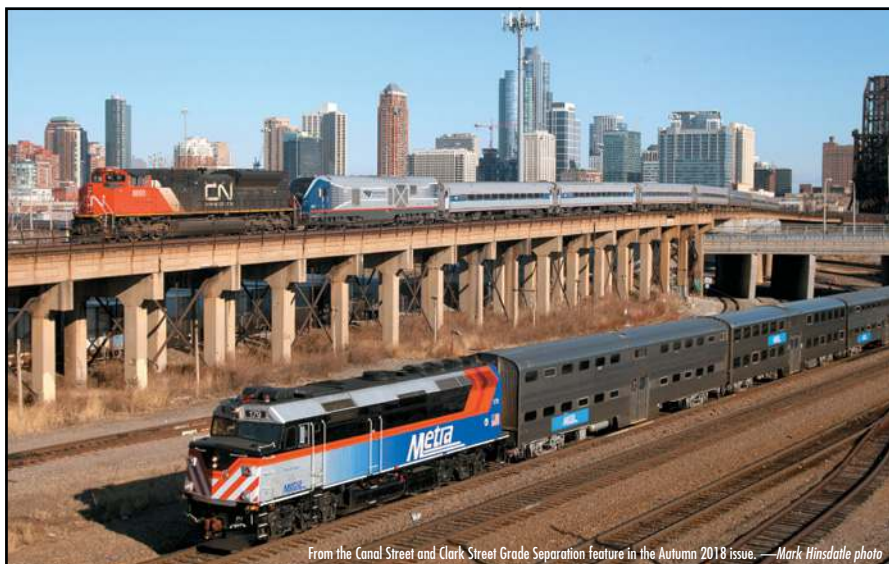
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From the Canal Street and Clark Street Grade Separation feature in the Autumn 2018 issue. —Mark Hinsdale photo

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Cabooses are festooned with fans trying for a view of T-1 2124 on the first Iron Horse Ramble.

Harry Foster, Bill Lane collection

Riding the Reading

The Reading's Bethlehem Branch trains dusted my crib in Wyncote, Pa., so maybe it was ordained that I ride the first Iron Horse Ramble ["Rambling on the Reading," page 20] from Wayne Junction to Shamokin on October 25, 1959. Great fun, even though I had to ride sideways due to lack of seating. I remember there was a distinct lack of safety concerns compared to today's railroad excursions. There were photographers on top of buildings, freight cars, and signal masts; we leaned out of open vestibule doors. And at every town and crossing, there were hordes of people waving and enjoying steam railroading. — *David Walter, West Chester, Pa.*

More on the Rambles

I enjoyed your article on the Reading Rambles. While my parents were unable to take me on the Reading trips, I rode behind 2102 many times on the Reading & Northern.

Some additional information on whistles: Some Rambles ran using the whistle from Baldwin experimental three-cylinder 4-10-2 60000, on loan from Philadelphia's Franklin Institute science museum, where the locomotive was, and still is, on display. A 7-inch LP of the whistle being used on 2100 was sold at the museum's gift shop under the title *Sounds of 60000*, and the 1983 album *The Reading Rides Again* features a track of the whistle on locomotive 2102.

Michael Pragheimer, Bethlehem, Pa.

I just wanted to add my own story to Karl Zimmermann's wonderful piece. In 1960 my father took us to ride on one of the Rambles — we were behind 2124 and

it was a wonderful day. I still have pictures of that trip — I was 14 and my brother was 6. I spent most of the day hanging out the window watching the engine in action. It was a wonderful sight, one that I never forgot.

When we left the train and came home, stopping for a bite, we were covered with black soot and cinders but very happy. My mother took it in stride and tolerated the day.

I have been on other trips since that time and now living in California look forward to the day when I will have the opportunity to ride behind Union Pacific's Big Boy.

Eric L. Knowlton, Palm Springs, Calif.

Pennsy on the EJ&E

The article on the EJ&E ["Fallen Flags Remembered," page 14] struck a chord with me. I was raised almost on the tracks in Hobart, Ind. Both the "J" and the Nickel Plate had water towers there, but

the Pennsy did not. So, once in a while a Pennsy K4s would mosey up to the EJ&E tower for a drink.

James McLuckie, Springfield, Va.

A vote for Amtrak's RTGs

I appreciated Denny Hamilton's favorable assessment of the Amtrak RTG Turboliners in "Amtrak's Early Years from the Inside" [page 34]. Upon arriving in East Lansing, Mich., from the UK in 1977 I was delighted to discover that my apartment was near the Amtrak station, from which the Turboliner-operated *Blue Water Limited* enabled a convenient and enjoyable same-day round trip to Chicago. Those huge picture windows provided great views of the Michigan scenery, historic railroad depots, and impressive steel industry en route, and there was plenty of time in the Windy City for railfanning and sightseeing. Moreover, Amtrak charged only a modest extra fee for the spacious, comfortable 2+1 seating of the usually lightly patronized Club Car.

Internet sources curiously refer to diesel as the RTGs' fuel. Given the helicopter-engine basis of the prime-mover turbines, one might expect something more aviation-related. Upon return to East Lansing I would wait to watch the train depart for Detroit; as the turbines spun up, the whole area would begin to smell like an airport! It would be interesting to know exactly what type of fuel the RTGs ingested, but there was no mistaking that odor of aviation-type kerosene around them.

Maelor Davies, Lexington, Ky.

WP on Altamont

I was glad to see the "What's in a Photograph?" feature on the Western Pacific freight on Altamont Pass [page 44]. I rode the *California Zephyr* three times over Altamont. My best memory is riding an hours-tardy train in the late 1960s. It was late due to its having had to tread lightly in the Feather River Canyon in heavy rain on a soggy roadbed. After dark the porter and I sat in an otherwise abandoned front dome and watched the locomotive's Mars light bouncing off the hills as the train curved right and left. What a magnificent sight.

Ken Marx, Fort Worth, Texas

A "famous" SWI

I enjoyed "SW1: EMD's Mighty Mite" [page 46] for two reasons. First, in the late 1950s, my friend Don and I enjoyed a ride on the Omaha Road mixed train

from Hudson to River Falls, Wis., behind "Famous 55," the CStPM&O's lone SW1. We were accommodated in an old combine with gas lights, although I imagine it almost always ran by day. The crew was affable and Milt, the conductor, regaled us with an account of being severely injured when riding a boxcar being shoved into a siding which held more cars than the crew expected.

We asked whether if we returned to ride with our girlfriends, they would drop us off at a suitable picnic spot and pick us up on the way back to Hudson. The crew agreed, but unfortunately we never made it back for an encore ride. Rocking peacefully along the overgrown track was a treat, a glimpse of an earlier way of life, and a cherished memory.

Second, to help keep my memory of Famous 55 alive, I kitbashed a G scale NW2, shortening it and adding the front platform box, into what I call an SW-1.5. Fun!

Dutton Foster, St. Paul, Minn.

Four-run homer

This issue really hit home, as I can relate to four experiences. First, the SW1 article. As a brakeman on the Black River & Western I have worked on PRR 9206; being on the old PRR Flemington Branch with an ex-PRR unit is a great feeling. More in the past, when we moved to Colorado in 1978, our first place to stay was a campground east of Loveland, where we saw Great Western SW1s across Route 34. Next in my memory was the Iron



Peach State SW1's fate

I particularly enjoyed the article on the SW1. The piece mentions that Central of Georgia No. 1 was sold to an Atlanta-area short line. The line was the Atlanta, Stone Mountain & Lithonia Railway and was not a common carrier, but rather was a 4-mile quarry road owned by Davidson Mineral Properties, a company operating several granite quarries in the Lithonia, area. Here [above] is a shot of the unit taken at Lithonia on July 20, 1968, by Oscar W. Kimsey Jr.

— Robert H. Hanson, Loganville, Ga.

An Outstanding New Book!

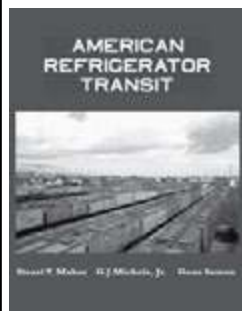
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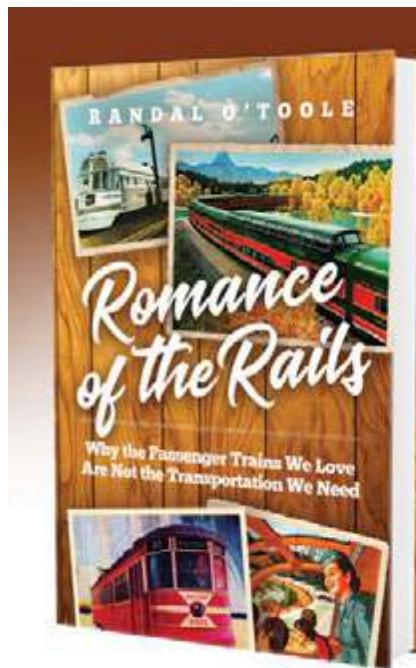


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Fast Mail



ASF test train survivors

I liked the article about the American Steel Foundries test train ["Rolling Laboratory," page 30], but was wondering why it wasn't mentioned that at least the Operations Car and one boxcar still exist and can be seen at the ASF plant. This photo [above], taken by me, shows the cars on May 1, 2014. The occasion was the operation of a special Terminal Railroad Association train for a port and harbor group's convention in St Louis so they could visit the Tri-Cities Harbor facility near Granite City, Ill. I was a car host on the train, which passed the ASF plant to get into and out of the Tri-Cities facility. — *Ron Goldfeder, St. Louis, Mo.*

¶ Reader *Ted Lemen* with the *Monticello (Ill.) Railway Museum* advises that his organization has one of the ASF combines, operable and beautifully restored as *Illinois Central 892*. — *R.S.M.*

Horse Rambles; my mother drove us to, I believe, Norristown, Pa., for a trip to Port Reading, N.J., where I remember the T-1 sitting among huge piles of coal.

The last memory was sparked by the neat photo [page 8] of the Raritan River 0-6-0s. Living in nearby Staten Island, I would ride my bike to South Amboy to see Pennsy and RRRR steamers. The greatest disappointment in my young life happened there. I had talked my trumpet teacher who liked trains into driving us to South Amboy to see steam, but all we found were brand-new red-and-gray Alco S1 diesels. I was devastated.

Dick Hague, Lawrenceville, N.J.

Of bikes and trains

"Spokes and Flanges" in "The Way It Was" [page 80] brought back memories of when I was about Paul Hart's age and got my first bicycle, a similar hand-me-down fat-tired bike, in 1960. I used it to ride to the Milwaukee Road main line at Wyocena, Wis., where I frequently saw the *Hiawathas* roar past at 90 mph, and fast freights powered by F units and GP9s. By 1964, I occasionally rode my bike further away, to Dalton, Wis., on C&NW's Milwaukee-Twin Cities main line. Although the *Twin Cities 400* was discontinued the year before, Dalton was a neat place to watch C&NW freights, in

a setting of a red wooden depot with semaphore train order and block signals, a still-standing water tower, kerosene switch-stand lamps, and a pair of "wig-wag" signals protecting the main street into town. The UP still runs through Dalton today, but everything else is gone.

Thank you for *CLASSIC TRAINS*, my favorite magazine! I've enjoyed reading *TRAINS* too, since 1964.

Verne Brummel, Fitchburg, Wis.

Rivers, not rail lines

Sorry to say I think you have misinterpreted the Rand McNally map produced for the Milwaukee Road ["Head End," page 6]. The towns are not "just off the line" — the C&NW line is not shown at all! What is shown are the Elkhorn and the Niobrara rivers. The C&NW lines are deleted entirely from the map.

Duncan Watry, Piedmont, Calif.

CB&Q Slumbercoaches

• Page 67: Burlington's four Slumbercoaches accumulated 44 million passenger-miles in their first 18 months. ■

Got a comment? Write us at Fast Mail, *CLASSIC TRAINS*, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187; email: fastmail@classictrainsmag.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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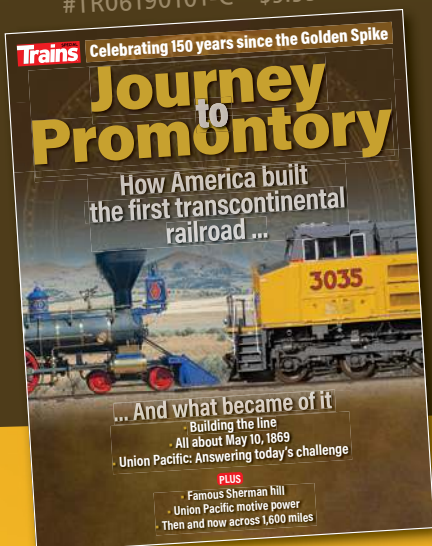
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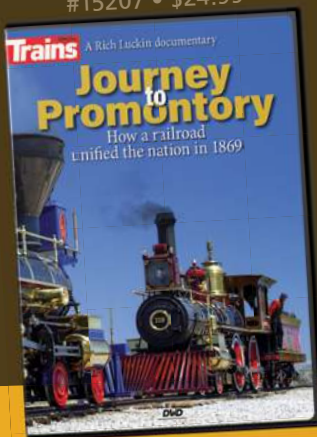
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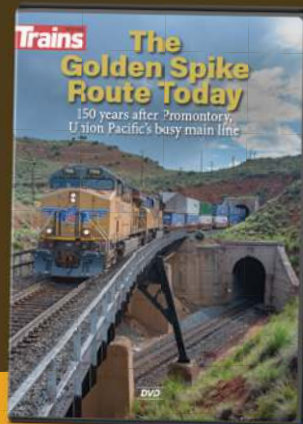
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How Conrail became a classic

Time brings new perspective in the addition of "Big Blue" to the pantheon of railroad history



Combined trains TV3 and TV19A feature a four-color power set at Perdix, Pa., in February 1977 on the former Pennsylvania Railroad main.

Bob Davis

Since its launch at the beginning of 2000, this magazine has contended with a dilemma. It's a nice problem to have, but it's a dilemma nonetheless. Simply put: What is the classic era in railroading? When does it start? More importantly, when does it end?

The answer was pretty clear in the first few issues. In his introductory note, Editor Rob McGonigal pledged to give readers a rich variety of stories and images related to "the middle four decades of the 20th century." We generally understood those decades to be the 1930s through the 1960s. The magazine's fast start out of the gate showed that readers agreed.

Of course, history never hits the pause button, and what's predictable and mundane today will be refreshing and nostalgic 20 years from now. It sounds like heresy, but someday Norfolk Southern and Genesee & Wyoming might be as appealing to some people as the Wabash and Western Pacific.

So the magazine's mission occasionally shifts with this new perspective. Rob explains: "At our launch, we decided the likes of Penn Central (formed in 1968),

Burlington Northern (1970), and Amtrak (1971) — not to mention Conrail — just didn't seem all that 'classic.' But as the '70s receded farther into history, it became clear there was an appetite for material from that era, the last decade for many cherished elements of the railroad scene. Now our cutoff is about 1980, the year of deregulation."

History is forever careening into the future. What's mundane today will be memorable tomorrow.

All this has been on my mind since learning about this issue's article by former Conrail executive Larry DeYoung, who finished his career at the company overseeing relationships with short lines. Larry's revealing recollections underscore just how much Conrail mattered, then and even now.

From the moment of its inception on April 1, 1976, Conrail was a company that pointed forward to the 1980s and '90s and away from the old era that dominates most of these pages. Its very creation as a government-supported corporation — much like Amtrak — flew in the face of traditional railroading. Partially liberated from regulation, it embraced measures that distanced it from the past: shedding under-performing branch and

redundant main lines, cutting back on its workforce, embracing technology that has conspired to make railroading a colder, more distant affair. Even its paint scheme — a swath of brash corporate blue — broke with the past.

Whether it sought it or not, Conrail locked up its status as the most important railroad of the late 20th century because its creation led directly to the most important piece of railroad legislation in nearly a century, the Staggers Rail Act of 1980. All the good things that deregulation brought to the industry — some would say "arguably good things" — can be traced at least in part to Big Blue.

There were so many memorable moments in Conrail's history, many of them centering around L. Stanley Crane, the former Southern CEO who moved to Philadelphia and made Conrail's success a personal quest. It was the indefatigable Crane who fended off various hostile takeover attempts, including a fierce gambit by Norfolk Southern, a real David vs. Goliath confrontation.

What followed was one of the most exciting moments in late 20th-century railroad history, the March 1987 public offering of \$1.65 billion in Conrail stock. Crane's plea "Let Conrail be Conrail,"

prevailed, at least for a while. As the headlines piled up, I remember thinking, "Take that, America! Railroads still matter!" It was the largest such sale in Wall Street history.

That kind of legacy attracts admirers. Among them are the 300-plus members of the Conrail Historical Society, who treat their favorite railroad with as much affection as any group dedicated to the more tenured "fallen flags" we already consider classic. I asked the society's president Ben Snyder, about Conrail's enduring appeal.

"Obviously, for many years, Conrail was frowned upon by some in the railfan community," he says. "You'll hear phrases like 'they took out such and such line that ran near my house' or 'they're just stripping the network down to nothing.' This stung a lot of people that were used to seeing trains in these places, and they resented Conrail for making strong cuts. But I think as time moves on, more railfans remember Conrail for the good it was able to do across the entire Midwest and Northeast."

There is another neat trick Conrail managed to perform: it gradually built a reputation for being a friendly railroad. Says Snyder, "For the members that worked for Conrail, they talk about how personable the railroad was, from co-workers to management. A number of them have also mentioned that working for Conrail was much better than working for the successor railroads that came after Conrail."

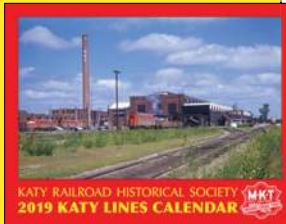
So does all this make Conrail "classic"? Well, the definition in Merriam-Webster's dictionary includes "serving as a standard of excellence; of recognized value," as well as "historically memorable." For a lot of people, Conrail qualifies on both counts.

History is forever careening into the future. What's mundane today will be memorable tomorrow. That's why it's inevitable that someday, someone will consider Conrail as lovable as the Lehigh Valley, as memorable as the Monon. Anything can become a classic if its reputation lasts long enough. ■

KEVIN P. KEEFE joined the *TRAINS* staff in 1987, became editor in 1992, and retired in 2016 as Kalmbach Publishing Co.'s vice president, editorial. His weekly blog "Mileposts" is at ClassicTrainsMag.com.



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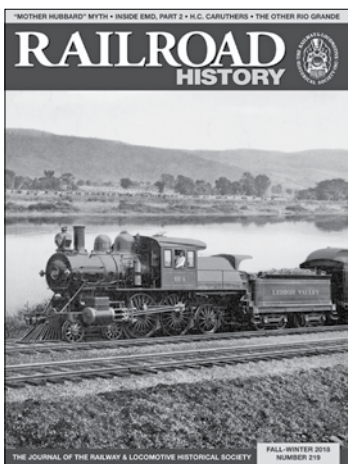
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True Color

World's fair wonder

Visitors to the General Motors pavilion at the 1939 New York World's Fair (theme: The World of Tomorrow) were greeted by latest in diesel passenger locomotives, an E6A. Bearing the number 1939, a stylized "GM DIESEL" nose logo, and a special paint scheme, the unit became Seaboard Air Line 3014 after the fair. The booster unit coupled behind it had glass side panels to show off the new 567 engines and other internal equipment.

H. W. Barber, William R. Barber collection





A uniquely positioned flag

Bred of transcontinental dreams, the Wabash served but also avoided Chicago and St. Louis

BY J. DAVID INGLES



Engine 706, last of seven 4-6-4s rebuilt at Decatur from 2-8-2s, leaves St. Louis Union Station in October 1948, with the *Banner Blue* for Chicago.

J. David Ingles collection

The term “Fallen Flag” first appeared in **TRAINS** in 1974, as the title for a series of thumbnail histories of merged-away railroads. The series began with the Wabash, and employed the road’s flag emblem outline to illustrate the series’ opening pages. Editor David P. Morgan and I each wrote half the thumbnails. One of mine was the Wabash, which served my home territory, as in one of its slogans, “Serving the Heart of America.”

I came to know the Wabash well for much of its last decade, before Norfolk & Western absorbed it in October 1964. Other than pacing a 2-8-2 south of Taylorville, Ill., circa 1950, I had only one Wabash experience before our family moved from suburban Chicago to suburban Detroit in 1956. And that was indirect — my 5th-grade class viewed the railroad’s 16mm p.r. movie *Once Upon the Wabash*, produced to tout its new Budd domeliner, the *Blue Bird*.

With more than 100 Class Is in the postwar era, it wasn’t as easy then to connect key points in your life by one railroad as it would be in today’s world of

seven mega-systems. Wabash, though, did so for me, and in some ways I adhered to its emblem’s “Follow the Flag” slogan. My first Wabash ride was a 1957 Detroit–Decatur (Ill.) *Wabash Cannon Ball* round trip to visit relatives. By 1959 Wabash’s diesel terminal at Oakwood Yard near home had become a regular stop on Detroit-area engine-photography “rounds,” and as a Michigan Railroad Club member, I rode a diesel excursion that year covering much of the obscure 4th District, from Montpelier, Ohio, to Pine, Ind., plus subsidiary New Jersey, Indiana & Illinois up to South Bend.

During 1962–65 I attended MacMurray College in Jacksonville, Ill., on Wabash’s Detroit–Kansas City route. Until my junior year, I didn’t have a car at “Mac,” so when I’d go home to Michigan, I’d ride the *Cannon Ball* or the overnight *Limiteds* between Decatur and the Motor City. I left my car in Decatur a time or two, and returned via Chicago, taking the *Blue Bird*. After 1964, of course, reality was the Norfolk & Western but the Wabash spirit endured as N&W kept the

train names. My miles on the *City of St. Louis* and *City of Kansas City* were either on Colorado family vacations or visits with K.C.-area friends. I returned to central Illinois and worked for newspapers during 1966–71 before moving to Wisconsin to join **TRAINS**’ staff.

Stitching the flag together

In today’s terms Wabash was a decent-size regional — 2,423 route-miles in 1960. Wabash’s hot “Red Ball” freights burnished busy high iron as the road took full advantage of its unique position spanning the Mississippi River with a main line that bypassed congested St. Louis and Chicago.

Wabash had three freight hubs — Montpelier, Decatur, and Moberly, Mo. — which anchored a network connecting Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, and K.C., with secondary lines to Des Moines and Council Bluffs–Omaha. It also ran, on Canadian National trackage rights, between Detroit and Buffalo, N.Y., starting in 1898. It employed Detroit River ferries to Windsor, Ont. This effectively made Wabash a link between Lackawanna and

other roads to the big Eastern cities and Union Pacific, Rock Island, Missouri Pacific, and others across the Great Plains.

As with many mid-size Class Is, Wabash's history is one of mergers, consolidations, and leases.

What became the Wabash had early beginnings that included the first railroad in Illinois. The Northern Cross, first of several east-west lines sponsored by the state to aid development, was chartered in 1837 to run from Quincy on the Mississippi River to the Indiana state line. In 1838, it laid 8 miles of wobbly track from Meredosia, on the Illinois River, east toward Jacksonville and the state capital of Springfield; its first train ran on November 8, 1838. Through service to Springfield began in May 1842; Decatur was reached in 1854, and Indiana in 1856. Remarkably, Norfolk Southern still operates essentially all of this route.

Downriver, the North Missouri was set up in 1851 to build from St. Louis to the Iowa border, opening in 1858. In the 1860s NM acquired a branch to Brunswick and established Moberly, named for a railroader, at the junction. The Brunswick line reached K.C. in 1868; to the north, the original route attained Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1870, the year the line from Brunswick to Omaha was begun. It got to Council Bluffs in 1879. NM had stumbled financially and was succeeded in 1872 by the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern.

To the east, two roads were organized in 1853: the Toledo & Illinois to build from Toledo, Ohio, to the Indiana border, and the Lake Erie, Wabash & St. Louis to continue to Attica, Ind., following the Wabash & Erie Canal. They merged in 1856 as the Toledo, Wabash & Western, the first time the word "Wabash" entered the picture.

TW&W was succeeded by the Toledo & Wabash in 1858, having absorbed the



Three F7s roll west through fresh snow in February 1961 in Taylor Township (now the City of Taylor), Mich., 4 miles out of Oakwood Yard, with a freight to Montpelier, Ohio, and Decatur, Ill.

J. David Ingles

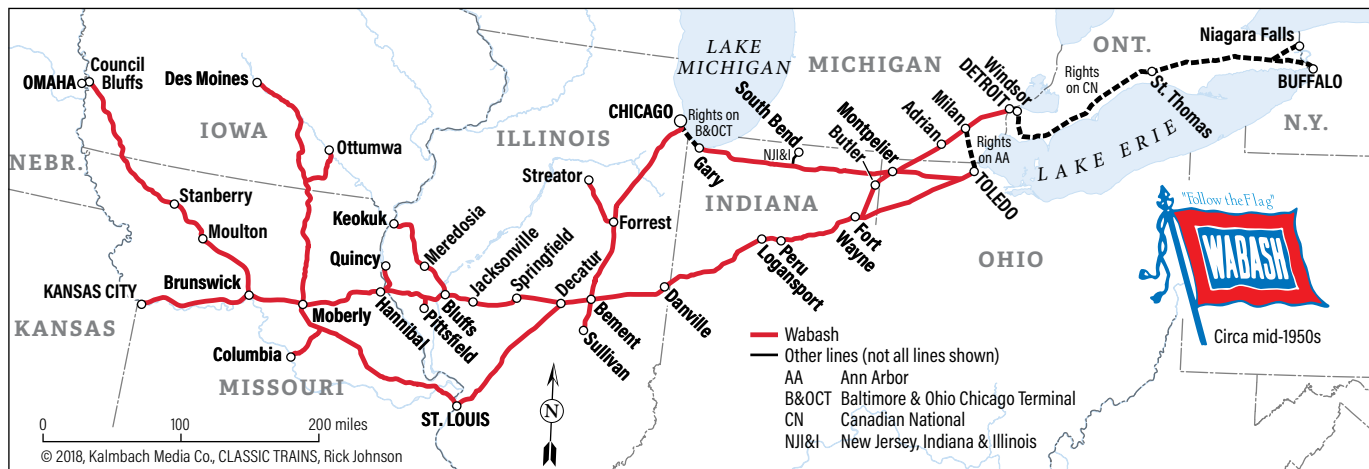
Great Western of Illinois (a Northern Cross successor); T&W spanned from Toledo to Quincy and Keokuk, Iowa, both on the Mississippi. In 1879 Jay Gould merged T&W and StLKC&N to form the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific. To it he added the Chicago & Paducah, from Streator to Effingham, Ill., which crossed the WStL&P at Bement. Another Gould road built from Forrest, Ill., on the C&P, into Chicago in 1880, and he also built a line from Butler, Ind., to Detroit. A cutoff from Butler to New Haven, Ind., near Fort Wayne, opened in 1902, enabling Detroit–St. Louis trains to go via Fort Wayne, Huntington, and Wabash, Ind., versus the older, shorter-but-slower Logansport–Butler line, which was sold to the Pennsylvania.

Wabash's 4th District across northern Indiana, unnoticed by many as it had no modern-day passenger trains, was pushed to completion for the 1893 World's Fair in Chicago. Built in a straight line from Montpelier to Gary, it passed through no big cities and couldn't compete with New York Central for passengers. Instead, Wa-

bash used latter-day parent Pennsy on a joint Detroit–Fort Wayne–Chicago route. Although sometimes called the "Punkin' Vine," the 4th District had heavy rail and became part of a competitive Buffalo–Chicago freight route. It was Wabash's first dieselized line (1950) and hosted Indiana's last mixed train (1962).

As Jay Gould added lines, Wabash in 1884 reached its zenith of 3,549 miles, from Detroit to Omaha and from Fonda in northwest Iowa to Cairo at the foot of Illinois. But he had overextended, and his rate wars forced Wabash into receivership that May. The leased lines — including Cairo & Vincennes and Des Moines North Western — were returned to their owners, and Wabash retrenched to the network familiar to us. Reorganized as several roads, they were reunited in 1889 in a consolidation guided by John Whitfield Bunn, an industrialist and railroad developer from Springfield, Ill.

Jay's son George Gould also dreamed of including Wabash in a transcontinental system, and in 1904 got it into Pitts-



burgh from Toledo over the Wheeling & Lake Erie and his Wabash Pittsburgh Terminal. Wabash in Pittsburgh didn't last long, as WPT entered receivership in 1911. A 1915 reorganization took the name Wabash Railway, and WPT became the Pittsburgh & West Virginia in 1917.

20th century growth

By the 1920s the auto industry was growing, and the increasing traffic saw Wabash taking advantage of its direct Detroit–Kansas City route. The 67-mile portion between Hannibal, Mo., and Moberly had been built by the Katy in the 1850s, but Wabash began joint operation in 1894, with costs proportionate to use. With Katy going to St. Louis on its own, Wabash's share of the Hannibal branch rose to 90 percent by 1923, so it leased the line.

Wabash in 1925 acquired control of the Ann Arbor Railroad, which cut north-west across Michigan's lower peninsula from Toledo to a Lake Michigan port, from where AA ran carferries to Wisconsin and Upper Michigan. Eventually Wabash owned virtually all "Annie" stock. Meantime PRR, through its new holding entity Pennsylvania Co., gained control of Wabash in 1928, largely to protect itself after Wabash and Delaware & Hudson bought control of the Lehigh Valley.

Fast-forward four decades. In 1963 Pennsylvania Co. owned 87 percent of Wabash's stock, and when PRR and New York Central were planning their merger, it was clear PRR would not be allowed to include Wabash, which found a niche in the Norfolk & Western-Nickel Plate merger. N&W had no interest in the Ann Arbor, so it was kept in the PRR family by being sold in 1963, to PRR-controlled

Detroit, Toledo & Ironton.

Wabash was leased to the expanded N&W on October 16, 1964, although it looked like a merger, with Wabash continuing to exist only "on paper." N&W acquired control from Pennsylvania Co. by 1970 and by 1981 had almost complete Wabash ownership. When N&W and Southern merged in 1982, N&W continued to exist on paper, and successor Norfolk Southern finally merged the Wabash name away in '91 by folding it into N&W.

Power and varnish

After depending on more than 150 2-8-2s for freights that succeeded typical smaller types, Wabash in 1930 received 50 handsome 4-8-2s and 4-8-4s (25 each) from Baldwin. Perhaps more remembered were seven 4-6-4 Hudsons, rebuilt at Decatur from unsuccessful three-cylinder Mikados in the 1940s, which had smoke deflectors adorned with the flag emblem. Until then, Wabash relied on Pacifics for varnish, four of the J-1 class from the 1910s being adorned, also in the '40s, in dark blue to match the road's passenger cars.

Wabash's first diesels were switchers, always solid black with minimal silver or white lettering. From 1939 through World War II, it received 19 units: 2 Alco "high-hoods" and 5 S1s; 7 EMD SW1s; 4 Baldwins; and a lone GE 45-tonner for St. Thomas, Ont. After the war, it added more Alcos and EMDs (including 4 Canadian SW8s), plus 7 Fairbanks-Morse and 12 Lima-Hamilton goats. Reflecting its presence in four big cities, Wabash totaled more than 100 bought-new switchers, the last being SW1200 379 in 1957.

In contrast to the dour switchers, road units wore blue, gray, and off-white (orig-

inally aluminum). Wabash's first road freight units, in 1949–50, were 9 A-B-A EMD F7 sets and 5 similar Alco-GE FA1-FB1 trios. It settled on cabs (no more Bs) and EMD, adding 117 F7As including 22 from GMD in London, Ont. Wabash was essentially dieselized by 1954, although three 2-6-0s worked its Bluffs, Ill.–Keokuk, Iowa, branch into early '55 and became known among enthusiasts. One, 573, survives in St. Louis' Museum of Transportation and there is a subsidiary's ex-Wabash 0-6-0 in Fort Wayne.

During 1950–56, Wabash bought 46 GP7s and GP9s, 17 with steam boilers and the last 3 with dual controls for its lone Chicago commuter train, and while it never owned an early Alco road-switcher, it bit on FM's Train Master, acquiring 8 in 1956. When GE announced its U25B, Wabash in 1962 took 15. Just before the merger, it turned ecumenical again, adding 8 GP35s and 7 Alco C424s. Wabash had Alco re-engine its Train Masters, and 8 C425s were at Schenectady on merger day, some already painted for Wabash; those were redone in black as N&W 1000–1007 before they left the plant. Likewise, more GP35s on order came out of La Grange as N&W 1302–1308, following 1300–1301, which had been ordered by P&WV. N&W added a "3" to the road number of Wabash units it acquired except for the 12 E8s (2 had been scrapped), 5 of which became N&W 3800s.

Cab-unit diesels replaced steam on Wabash's modest fleet of varnish after World War II. The first was E7 1000 in 1946 for the new St. Louis-based *City of Kansas City*; the E7 briefly bore the K.C. train name in its forward blue side panels, the only Wabash unit known to do so.



With flat-roof Wabic Tower and the passenger station at left, E8s 1000 and 1003 leave Decatur with the Chicago-bound *Blue Bird* in July 1962.

J. David Ingles



Wabash's first GE U25B rolls west with freight ADK-1 on its initial revenue run, May 26, 1962, as seen from JA Tower at Jacksonville, Ill. Wabash traded in its nine Alco FAs and FBs on the 15 GEs.
J. David Ingles

Next came E7As 1001 and 1001A in 1947 for Wabash's share of Union Pacific's *City of St. Louis*; the duo initially ran through to Denver but not beyond because they lacked dynamic brakes. Wabash would buy another E7, 1002; two pairs of Alco-GE PAs, 1020-1021A, initially for the St. Louis-Detroit overnight trains; and ultimately 14 E8As. Wabash 1003 was EMD's first E8, and 1009 was designated by the builder as its 10,000th locomotive.

When the E8A ordered for the 1951 St. Louis-Chicago Budd domeliner *Blue Bird* was to be No. 1000, E7 1000 became 1002A. In 1961 Wabash dropped the "A" suffix from all units, renumbering the F7s to 600-726 and the FAs/FBs to 800-814; "A"-suffixed E7s and Train Masters were renumbered above their siblings. Two F7As, E8 1009, the GE 45-tonner, and a third-hand Wabash NW2 built for Wheeling & Lake Erie reside in museums.

Today the old Wabash lines to Omaha and central Iowa are history, as are the Illinois branch lines, the middle of the Chicago-Decatur route (in favor of CN-IC trackage rights), and most of the old 4th District, which N&W quickly replaced in favor of the parallel ex-Nickel Plate Chicago main. That about 1,000 miles of the 1964 Wabash still are not only operated today by Norfolk Southern but are key NS routes (NS slowly bowed out of Canada), testifies to Wabash's place in history. ■

J. DAVID INGLES is contributing editor of *CLASSIC TRAINS*. This is the 76th and final installment in our "Fallen Flags Remembered" series about departed small and mid-size Class I railroads and major interurbans.



In a view from a college-apartment window, open-platform parlor-obs *City of Wabash* is on the rear of the northbound *Banner Blue* as it nears Decatur's Millikin University in 1960.
R. R. Wallin, J. David Ingles collection

WABASH FACT FILE



(comparative figures are for 1929 and 1963)

Route-miles: 2,524, 2,423

Locomotives: 660; 307

Passenger cars: 412; 101

Freight cars: 26,633; 15,028

Headquarters city: St. Louis, Mo.

Special interest group: Wabash Railroad Historical Society, www.wabashrhs.org

Recommended reading: *Follow the Flag*, by H. Roger Grant (Northern Illinois University Press, 2004); *Wabash in Color, Volume 2*, by Michael C. Kelly (Morning Sun, 2007); *Railroading on the Wabash Fourth District*, by Victor A. Baird (Erstwhile Publications, 2014); *Wabash Railroad Color Pictorial*, by J. David Ingles (Four Ways West, 2017)

Source: *Historical Guide to North American Railroads*, Third Edition (Kalmbach, 2014)

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The Shaughnessy Files

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A Ten-Wheeler leads Quebec Central's mixed train from
Lac Frontière down the bucolic Chaudière River valley
en route to Vallée Junction in May 1959.

QUEBEC CENTRAL FEATURED STEAM-POWERED
MIXED TRAINS IN A PASTORAL SETTING

BY JIM SHAUGHNESSY • Photos by the author

gem





Canadian Pacific class D10 4-6-0 No. 1039 brings the mixed train from Lac Frontière into Vallée Junction station, situated at the convergence of the Lac Frontière branch and QC's Quebec City-Sherbrooke main line (foreground). CP had more than 500 D10s, built between 1905 and 1913.

Of all the types of railroads in North America, single-track lines in rural settings, winding through green hills and along blue trout-filled streams — be they a short line, a Class I branch, or even a main line — are among my favorites. Canadian Pacific subsidiary Quebec Central Railway was a great example of such an operation, and not far from my home in Troy, N.Y. And I am thankful I got to experience this rural gem in steam!

The 362-mile Quebec Central operated in the province's "Eastern Townships," the area between the St. Lawrence River and the U.S. border state of Vermont. Headquarters were in Sherbrooke, a city on CP's main line across northern Maine, linking Montreal with the port of Saint John in the province of New Brunswick. QC's trunk ran northeast from Sherbrooke 150 miles through rolling, lake-dotted farm and timber-producing country to the legendary "Great Fortress City" on the hill above the St. Lawrence: Quebec.

The Eastern Townships were culturally similar to neighboring New England and were more populated with English-speaking people than the rest of the province.

The railroad-building fever of the 1850s spread to this region, and a charter was obtained in 1869 for the Sherbrooke, Eastern Townships & Kennebec Railway. After some financial juggling, its name was changed to Quebec Central in 1875. It was completed northward to Vallée Junction in 1880, connecting with the Lévis & Kennebec, which had just built south from the Quebec City area up the Chaudière River valley. L&K, part of a grand plan to connect Quebec with the Atlantic Ocean on the Maine coast, entered bankruptcy in 1881 and was immediately purchased by QC, enabling through service to be established from Sherbrooke to Quebec City.

One of QC's two significant branches, the Chaudière Subdivision, was pushed south from Vallée Junction to St. Joseph, and future extensions to the east eventually reached Lac Frontière, hard by the Maine border, in 1915. Lastly, anticipat-

ing CP's international line to Saint John, which was completed in 1889, QC built the 60-mile Mégantic Subdivision southeast from Tring Junction through a sparsely populated, tree-covered region, reaching Mégantic (today Lac-Mégantic) in 1894.

UNDER CP'S UMBRELLA

Since their inauguration, QC's trains to Quebec City had terminated across the St. Lawrence at the old Lévis & Kennebec station in Lévis, high on a bluff. Access to Quebec itself required an inconvenient transfer for passengers and freight alike, down the hill to the ferry landing. Improvement came in 1884, when QC built a line from Carrier Junction to a connection with the Intercolonial Railway leading to its station by the ferry landing at the bottom of the hill in Lévis.

The long-awaited completion in 1917 of the great Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence just west of Quebec City prompted QC to build a line from Scott's Junction to Walsh, near Charny on Canadian National, the new entity that succeeded the Intercolonial Railway in 1918.

In 1921, QC secured trackage rights over CN and CP, enabling QC trains to cross the bridge and access parent CP's Gare du Palais in Quebec City, a small but ornate depot still used by VIA Rail today.

By 1912 the Quebec Central was showing signs of being profitable. Passenger traffic was flourishing, with two round trips a day, one carrying a buffet-parlor car and operating the length of the line. Mixed trains served the branches.

Freight traffic was also on the rise, mainly agricultural and forest products outbound and a variety inbound including coal to provide comfort through the long winters. During the line's construction in 1876, the builders encountered deposits of "cotton rock" — asbestos — near Thetford Mines. These deposits provided many tons of products for QC trains to carry until mid-20th-century research revealed that the mineral could cause major medical problems.

Canadian Pacific, which itself was expanding, saw potential in the Quebec Central, so in 1912 it acquired the smaller road by means of a 999-year lease. The QC completed its system in 1926 by leasing the Massawippi Valley Railway (MVR) from the Boston & Maine. The MVR, opened in 1870, extended south from



Express parcels are transferred from the Lac Frontière mixed's ancient wooden combine car onto an equally venerable baggage wagon at Vallée Junction in May 1959.



Steam had gone from the Quebec Central by August 1964, when Montreal-built Alco RS3 No. 8433 brought a freight extra from Sherbrooke across the Chaudière River bridge and into Vallée Junction.

In a May 1959 view from the Vallée Junction footbridge, Ten-Wheeler 1039 off the Lac Frontière mixed train backs down the branch toward the engine terminal's 10-stall roundhouse for servicing.



Freights meet at East Angus: CP G2 Pacific 2610 heads a train for Vallée Junction, while Quebec Central van 43526 is bound for Sherbrooke.



Church spires and spotless steam power — that was the Eastern Townships in the mid-1950s. The engineer of CP 2610 coaxes his 70-inch-drivered steed into motion at East Angus.

Lennoxville, a Sherbrooke suburb, to Newport, Vt., a distance of 41 miles. This connected with a CP line from Montreal to St. Johnsbury and Wells River, Vt., creating a direct route from QC's area of the Eastern Townships to New England and other U.S. destinations. The importance of this southern outlet was evidenced by a through Pullman service being offered from Quebec City to Boston and New York via Sherbrooke between 1912 and 1934. QC would remain a 360-mile-plus system until the mid-1960s.

PIONEER BUS LINE

A bit ahead of its time, QC in 1931 incorporated a bus line, the Quebec Central Transportation Co. (QCT). The intent was to block expansion of local highway transport companies that were threatening to lure away what few passengers still rode the railroad's trains. QCT was reputed to be the first of its kind created by any railroad in North America, and similar services eventually were instituted by New England neighbors B&M, Maine Central, and Bangor & Aroostook. QCT's buses were so successful that soon they replaced the Sherbrooke–Newport mixed

trains. The bus network eventually reached non-rail locations including Old Orchard beaches in Maine and others that attracted many Quebec vacationers.

Under CP, operation and management of the Quebec Central remained mostly local, and the road kept a semblance of its own identity. In late steam days, QC passenger trains were powered by CP class G-2 light Pacifics, four of which were lettered **QUEBEC CENTRAL** on the tenders. Similar 4-6-2s employed on the QC carried CP lettering. Freight trains were usually hauled by one or two class D10 Ten-Wheelers, many lettered for QC.

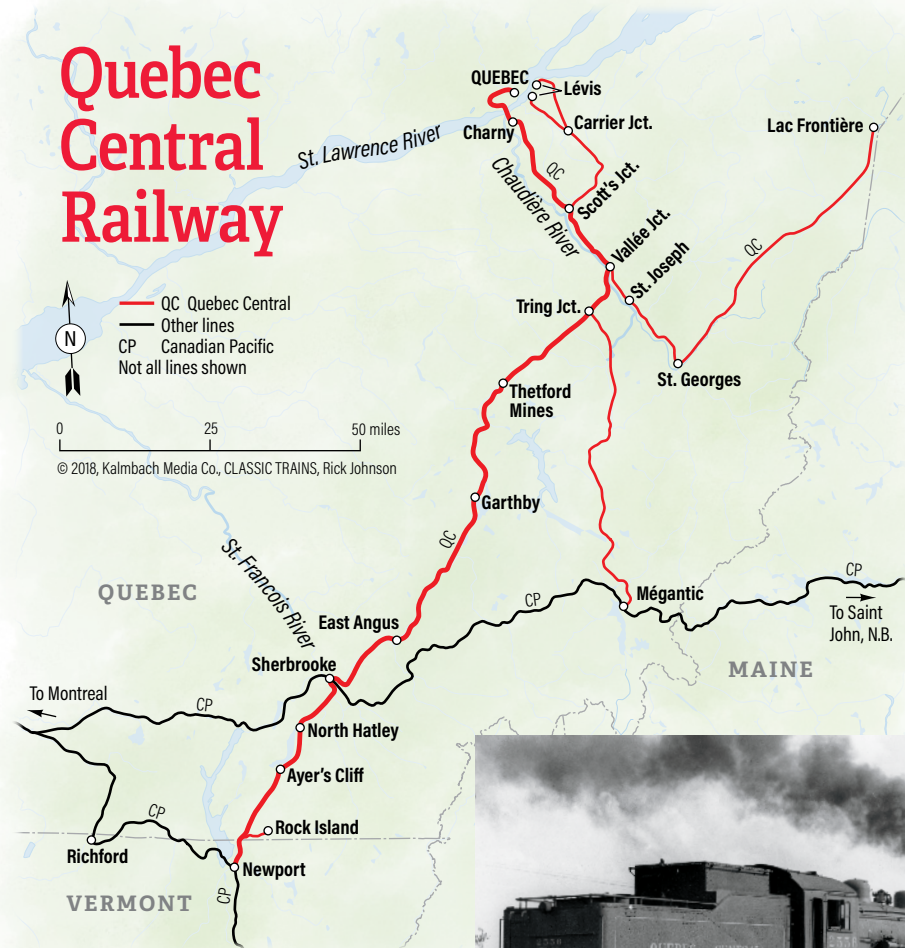
Quebec Central used CP terminal facilities at Quebec City, Sherbrooke, Mégantic, and Newport. The QC-only point of Vallée Junction, however, featured a 10-stall roundhouse and shop for regular maintenance and light repairs. Major overhauls were carried out in CP's Angus Shop in Montreal.

WHITE FLAGS ON THE QC

Quebec Central hosted two notable special trains in the late 1930s. On July 31, 1936, President Franklin D. Roosevelt departed his summer home on Campobello Island, New Brunswick, just off the coast of Maine, on a train to make the first official visit by a U.S. president to Canada. The 12-car special left eastern Maine on the MEC, interchanged to the CP, and went west across central Maine to Mégantic, where it was handed over to the QC. Two D10 4-6-0s struggled over the light rail and steep grades of QC's Mégantic Sub to Tring Junction, where CP 4-6-2 No. 2554 took over for the downhill run to Vallée Junction and Quebec.

Three years later, Britain's King George VI and Queen Elizabeth made an extensive tour of Canada and the U.S. on a specially assembled Royal Train. Early on June 12, 1939, the Delaware & Hudson turned over the train, which it had brought north, to CP Royal Hudson 2850 at Delson, outside Montreal. The blue-and-silver train sped east to Sherbrooke, where perhaps 100,000 people turned out to witness the Royal Couple's motorcade.

Back at the CP station, two G-2 Pacifics were coupled to the east end of the special, which departed at 12:30 p.m. It had begun to rain, and the two relatively light locomotives had trouble climbing Moulton Hill. By the time they reached Thetford Mines, they were more than an hour late. Undaunted, the King and Queen waved from the rear car's platform to the crowds at East Angus and Thetford Mines. The experienced hoppers made up time



by roaring down the grade from Tring Junction to Vallée Junction, then charged down the Chaudière River valley and gave the train to the CN at Charny on schedule.

A third notable special — GM's *Train of Tomorrow* — ran the length of the QC northeast to Quebec City in 1949.

VISITING THE RURAL GEM

I was fortunate to have witnessed this quaint rural railroad several times. My longtime friend, the late Sandy Worthen, grew up in the little village of Ayer's Cliff, Que., about halfway between Sherbrooke and Newport. He lived and worked in Montreal, but his elderly mother still lived in their wonderful old home in the village. I would make the 5-hour drive north from Troy to meet Sandy, who would come out from Montreal to visit his mother and photograph trains in the Eastern Townships. During winter visits, after tramping through the cold, snowy countryside all day, Sandy and I would enjoy sitting by his mother's fireplace in the evening.

In the 1950s, as Canada's two big railways were dieselizing, they concentrated much of their remaining steam power in



G2 2556 was one of a handful of engines to carry QUEBEC CENTRAL lettering in the 1950s.

southern Ontario and Quebec. Throughout "the Townships" there were many grand sights to behold on both systems. In the winter, after the St. Lawrence froze, preventing oceangoing ships from reaching Montreal, CP alone increased its traffic on its International of Maine Division by more 700 percent with grain bound for export from Saint John ["Over the Hills and Through the Woods," Winter 2011 CLASSIC TRAINS]. As a bonus, many CP freights heading through the rolling country east of Sherbrooke were double-headed. CN had an easier grade toward the Maritimes along the south bank of the St. Lawrence, but seeing a single CN 4-8-4 roaring by was also a big thrill.

We would first encounter the QC around Sherbrooke as its passenger trains from Quebec City would meet CP's Montreal-Saint John trains there. Through the



Pacific 1217, one of 102 class G5 engines that CP bought during 1944–48, stands at Sherbrooke station after bringing a QC train in from Quebec City on a snowy day in January 1957.

years, it was interesting to watch the evolution of motive power on these trains. In the early 1950s, both roads utilized light Pacifics, CP with fairly new 1200s, QC with older 2500s. In the mid-'50s came CP F-unit diesels, and in February 1957, QC replaced steam on the two daily Quebec City–Sherbrooke round trips with CP-lettered Budd RDC1 “Dayliners.”

ADVENTURE IN 1959

In late May 1959, another friend, the late John Pickett, and I decided we'd better take a good look at what steam was left on the QC before service was further diminished or completely dieselized. He flew up on Friday evening from New York to Burlington, Vt., on Eastern Airlines. I drove north from Troy to meet him, and we stayed in a motel, planning for an ear-

ly morning departure. We stopped in Newport for breakfast before crossing into Quebec, and in 45 minutes we were on the platform of the CP-QC station in Sherbrooke. The QC Budd car had arrived from Quebec City and was waiting for CP train 16 to arrive from Montreal. When 16 pulled in, a handful of people got off and walked up the platform to board the Dayliner, which started north at 10:30 a.m. After 16 cleared the station, a westbound CP freight with a 2-8-2 on the point came through and headed to the yard area west of the station.

Hoping for more QC action, we drove north through the Townships' bucolic countryside, and 48 miles out, at Garthby, we encountered a northbound QC freight, with two D10 4-6-0s, switching. After photographing that activity, we went on

north through the abandoned asbestos operations around Thetford Mines and Black Lake to Vallée Junction. This town was a classic example of a picturesque, compact working railroad terminal that many model railroaders would love.

The station, located inside the junction of the main line and the Lac Frontière branch, was the centerpiece. A pedestrian overpass stretched across the tracks of the small yard and the branch. A short distance down the branch was the engine facility, with a roundhouse, turntable, coal chute, and all the various equipment needed to service a small fleet of steam locomotives.

By the time we'd acquainted ourselves with the layout, it was approaching the time when the mixed train from Lac Frontière was due to return. We drove southeast along the branch up the Chaudière valley to find a good open photo location. The upper valley was a wide, fairly flat area with hayfields on either side of the track, so when the train appeared, shots were easy. We followed it back to the junction, making a few more photos as it passed the huge barns that dotted the landscape.

Once into Vallée Junction, the mixed's combine car was spotted by the station and a considerable amount of express parcels was unloaded onto baggage wagons and brought into the station. Meantime the locomotive, D10 No. 1039, cut off and backed down to the roundhouse.

Next morning, we returned to watch more terminal activity, and after lunch the mixed train for Mégantic was getting ready to leave. Just south of the depot was a four-span steel bridge across the Chaudière River, so we found an open spot on the south riverbank and waited in a patch of clover for the train to cross. Shortly after 2 p.m., CP Pacific 2527 came storming across, getting a run at the 13-mile grade out of the valley to Tring Junction, where the Mégantic Sub diverged.

Once at Tring Junction, the crew did some switching, and then the train got into the clear to allow the southbound afternoon Budd car from Quebec City to pass. With the Dayliner gone, the mixed backed out onto the main, a brakeman aligned the switch for the branch, and the Pacific, with six cars, a van, and the combine, gingerly disappeared into the vast green countryside toward Mégantic.

For me, this was a fitting farewell to the Quebec Central on this outing, so we headed back down to Ayer's Cliff to spend the night in Mrs. Worthen's feather beds. Next morning, we re-entered Vermont as



In another January 1957 view at Sherbrooke station, CP FP7 1421 on a train to Montreal contrasts with QC G2 2588, just in from Quebec City.



CP Mikado 5146 leads a train out of Newport, Vt., through North Hatley, Que., in May 1955. By this time, these QC rails were freight-only, with buses providing passenger service.

In August 1953, QC's afternoon train for Lévis (with ferry connection to Quebec) crosses the St. Francis River on its way out of Sherbrooke. Flags on G2 2536 indicate a following section.



Pacific 2527 arrives at the sturdy Tring Junction depot with the day's mixed train out of Vallée Junction to Mégantic in May 1959.



CP combine 3262 carries the markers at the rear of the Mégantic mixed, ambling down the branch just south of Tring Junction in May 1959.

we headed south for the Connecticut River valley. We stopped to check for rail activity at Newport, St. Johnsbury, White River Junction, and Bellows Falls. Our last stop on this 854-mile automobile adventure was Albany International Airport, where I dropped off John to catch his early-evening flight back to New York.

INEVITABLE RETRENCHMENT

It wasn't long after my last visit to the QC, in 1964, that dark financial clouds began showing on the horizon. Like most railroads, QC had been plagued by the coming of the motor vehicle since the 1920s. The mixed trains to Lac Frontière and Mégantic had ended in August 1960, succeeded by QCT bus service. Surprisingly, the bus subsidiary survived until July 1965. It had done fairly well with international service to Hampton Beach, N.H.; Boston; and even New York City, as well on as its local services in the Eastern Townships. But when local transit operators in Quebec unexpectedly made a good offer, CP/QC sold the operation.

The two daily Quebec City–Sherbrooke Dayliner round trips were reduced to one in 1965, and that schedule lasted less than two years before Canada's National Transportation Agency gave QC permission to cancel it. RDC1 9062 made the final run, tying up in Sherbrooke on April 29, 1967.

Freight traffic also declined after World War II as roads improved and trucks got heavier. Moreover, the discovery in the 1970s that asbestos could cause cancer wiped that commodity from QC rails in short order. Wood for the pulp and paper mills that had moved by rail to the mills now was moving in the same truck from the forest right to the mills. Steam vanished, too, as CP had dieselized its Atlantic Region, mostly with Montreal-built, Alco-design units. As in steam days, QC drew its motive power from CP's pool based at St. Luc in Montreal.

In 1992, only 187 cars moved over the remaining 237 miles of Quebec Central trackage, and the following year CP petitioned to abandon it all. The last train, powered by CP RS18 No. 1859, moved two cars from Thetford Mines to Sherbrooke on November 10, 1994, and regulators granted CP's abandonment request on January 5, 1995.

SHORT REBIRTH

Even before official abandonment was effected, though, there had been talk of creating a short line out of what was left of the QC. Local businessman Jean-Marc Giguere bought the remaining 221 miles of track from CP. Using government subsidies and substantial private capital, he entered the shortline business on January

6, 2000. The new Quebec Central operated with several leased locomotives, built a new connection to CN near Lévis, and arranged another outlet at Sherbrooke with Canadian American Railroad, CP's successor on lines east of Farnham, Que.

Over the next two years, substantial investment was made to support Giguere's goal of operating three trains a week. Wood chips from Daaquam, just west of Lac Frontière, were shipped 153 miles to a paper mill at East Angus; traffic also included other wood products, finished lumber, and animal feed. A couple of tourist trains ran for a bit. But there was not enough freight business to achieve success, the new QC entered bankruptcy in 2006, and Giguere died soon afterward.

Today, on the north end of the original QC's Vallée Sub, a 20-mile section is used by the Sartigan Railway (Chemin de Fer Sartigan) to occasionally move wood products between Scott's Junction and the CN at Charny. The other 200-some miles of weed-covered QC tracks remain in place, owned by Quebec's Ministry of Transport, waiting to be turned back into a successful railroad . . . but prospects appear dim at best. ■

JIM SHAUGHNESSY died in August 2018 — see page 4.

During the years of my childhood and youth (1930–47) I lived in Mexico City, where my parents were missionaries. In those days, most people who traveled between Mexico City and the United States did so by train, but during World War II there were travel restrictions, and our family had not been to the States on home leave since 1939. It was decided that as soon as the war ended and the restrictions were lifted, we would travel to Hannibal, Mo., my mother's home town. Being a 15-year-old railroad fan, I was eagerly looking forward to the long train trip.

For many years the National Railways of Mexico (NdeM) operated two trains daily between Mexico City and the border city of Nuevo Laredo in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas, across the Rio Grande from Laredo, Texas. Train No. 1 was the Mexico section of Missouri Pacific's *Sunshine Special*, with through Pullmans to San Antonio, Texas, and St. Louis, Mo. It left Mexico City each evening at 8:20 and was scheduled into Nuevo Laredo, 800 miles north, the next evening at 11:20.

During the waning years of the war, owing to the heavy wartime freight and frequent breakdowns of NdeM equipment, train 1 was



A long trip that
turned out

longer



Passengers, including many servicemen, mill around the St. Louis Union Station midway on July 24, 1942. Things were still hectic 3 years later when author Huegel came through here.

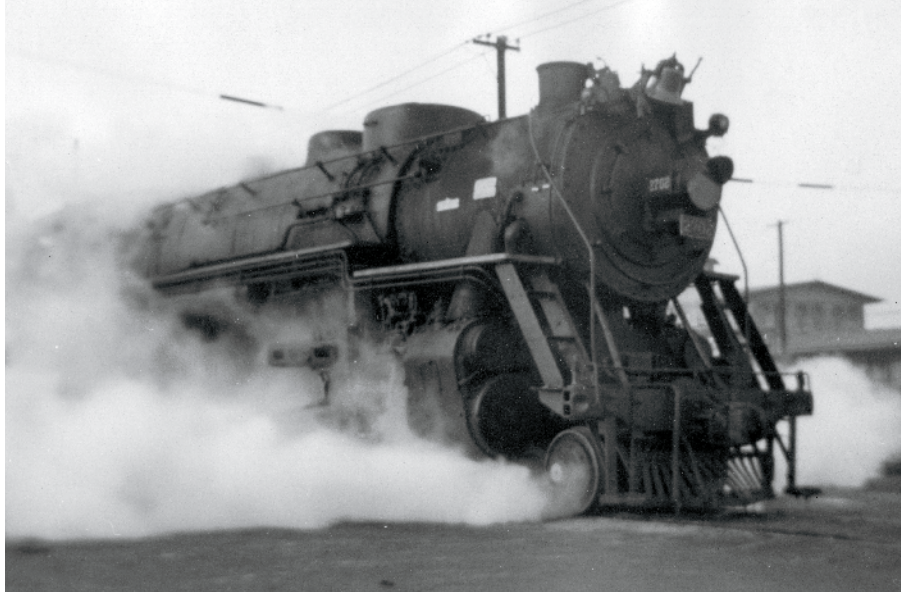
Wayne Leeman

Two-nation train trek



Delays were rampant when my family took a trip from Mexico City to Hannibal, Mo., in 1945

BY JOHN E. HUEGEL



National of Mexico 4-6-4 2702 (Alco, 1938) departs Mexico City on train 3 with cars for San Antonio and St. Louis. Author Huegel took the photo with a fixed-lens box camera in March 1945.

John E. Huegel



A Texas Mexican diesel pulled sleepers and a diner across the border into Laredo, Texas.

CLASSIC TRAINS collection

habitually so late arriving in Nuevo Laredo that it frequently missed the connection with MoPac train 22, the South Texas section of the *Sunshine Special*, due out of Laredo, Texas, at 3:20 a.m. for St. Louis, 1,077 miles away. To protect the oft-missed connection, the through Pullmans to the U.S. were shifted to NdeM's train 3, which left Mexico City each morning at 8:20 and was due into Nuevo Laredo the next afternoon at 1:50. This 13-hour lay-over in Laredo provided more than ample time to connect, though it extended our planned trip to St. Louis by a full day.

Unexpected company brightens the trip

On Tuesday, August 28, 1945, we boarded train 3 at Mexico City's Buena-vista Station and left on-time at 8:20 a.m. We had space in a standard Pullman sleeper with a configuration of 8 sections, 1 drawing room, and 2 compartments which went through to St. Louis. My mother, my little sister Esther, and my mother's friend Jane Croft occupied a compartment, and I was in a lower berth in one of the sections. Among the other passengers were a sizeable number of refugees who had fled from Europe during the war and were returning to their homelands.

Missouri Pacific had permission from the Mexican government to operate the dining car, a Spanish-style diner-lounge with beamed ceilings, red ceramic tile

floors, and cream-colored walls, staffed by Filipino waiters. Coupled to our Pullman as the last car on the train was a sleeper that had been rear-ended in an accident two weeks before, its rear vestibule crushed. I never learned where it was going for repairs.

We arrived in San Luis Potosi, 325 miles out of Mexico City, that evening. The American Smelting & Refining Co. (ASARCO) operated the world's largest arsenic plant on the outskirts of the city, and the husband of my older sister, Mildred, worked at the smelter. My father, who was to come to the States later, and Mildred met us at the station. She brought us a sizeable lunch, which we enjoyed that evening and the next day. Jean Olson, a pretty blonde girl two years my senior and the daughter of the smelter's superintendent, boarded our train. She was returning to school in New England. Her presence added to the pleasure of the trip for me.

The next afternoon, Wednesday, we arrived in Nuevo Laredo shortly after 2 o'clock, not far off schedule. A small diesel of the Texas Mexican Railway, which owned the international railroad bridge, coupled onto the Pullmans and the diner and pulled them into Laredo. American customs officials boarded to check passengers' passports and go through their luggage. Our car's air conditioning had failed in Mexico, so when we were stopped it became stifling hot inside. The

fans at each end of the area where the sections were offered little relief. Finally, about 3 p.m. we were allowed to get off the train, so we walked downtown to find a restaurant.

Long before the train departed at 3:10 a.m., I had climbed into my berth to try to get some sleep, but I felt like I was in an oven. When we arrived in San Antonio at 7:20 on Thursday morning, MoPac maintenance crews got to work on the air conditioning, and soon the car began to cool. My mother accompanied Jean to the station's ticket window to purchase her Pullman space for the next leg of her trip beyond St. Louis.

Jean and I had a pleasant day visiting in the compartment, admiring the towns along the way: New Braunfels, San Marcos, Austin, Palestine, and others. We and Esther shared the lunch Mildred had prepared and enjoyed walking through the train. Esther even found some friends from Mexico City on board.

We arrived in Longview, Texas, about



Out of Longview, Texas, Huegel's *Sunshine Special* was powered by a big MoPac 4-8-2.

C. T. Wood, Louis A. Marre collection

The 13-hour layover in Laredo, Texas, provided more than ample time to connect to Missouri Pacific's *Sunshine Special*, although it extended our journey time to St. Louis by a full day.

5:15 p.m., where the *Sunshine Special's* two sections joined, ours from Mexico and South Texas and the other from Houston. I was fascinated by all the switching operations. One of MoPac's big 4-8-2 locomotives coupled to the front of our now 15-car train, and before long the conductor called out, "All Aboard," the engineer pulled the whistle cord twice, and we were off into the evening.

Crowds, delay, and a missing bag

The train was full, with many military personnel, so when Jean and I walked up to the diner, we found the line so long that we decided to return to the compartment and munch on what was left of the lunch Mildred had given us.

Our third night was uneventful, but the train was late arriving St. Louis on Friday morning. Even if we'd been on time, we would not have been able to catch Burlington train 43, the *Mark Twain Zephyr* for Hannibal, since it was scheduled to depart when we were due to arrive, 8:30 a.m.

Once into Union Station, the porter set all the passengers' luggage in a line on the platform outside our car, and by the time we got off the train, many of the suitcases had already been picked up. We pointed out our bags to a red cap, who placed them on his cart, and we instructed him to take us to where we could leave

As I peered through the gates at St. Louis, I could see some elegant observation cars with their illuminated drumheads.

our bags. In those days there were no lockers in the station; luggage was kept in the baggage-claim area.

Jean caught her train for the East at noon, and my mother's friend Jane left to visit some friends, so my mother, my sister, and I sat around Union Station's big midway, waiting for the next train to Hannibal. The place was a sea of people, hundreds arriving, waiting, and running to catch trains. It was hot, but the large circulating ceiling ventilators gave some relief. As I walked up and down the midway, I was entranced in seeing the gate signs for some of the famous name trains I only had read about: New York Central's *Southwestern Limited*, Pennsylvania's *Spirit of St. Louis*, Wabash's *Banner Blue*, the *Alton Limited* to Chicago, and others. As I peered through the gates I could see a few of the elegant observation cars with their illuminated drumheads.

We wanted to catch the *Zephyr-Rocket*, the joint CB&Q-Rock Island train between St. Louis and Minnesota's Twin Cities and which stopped in Hannibal. It was scheduled to leave at 5 p.m., and we went over to pick up our luggage in plenty of time. When the attendant handed us our bags, though, I noticed that the brown leather suitcase was not my moth-

er's. I said to her, "Mother, those are not the right initials on this bag."

Somehow that morning we apparently had indicated to the red cap the wrong suitcase. Mother asked the agent what she should do, and he said she had to leave this bag and they would try to track down her suitcase. She argued that if she left the bag she would have nothing to prove the loss of her own bag. The agent finally convinced her that she could trust the railroad police to do the best they could to find her bag. She was distressed because all of our passports and immigration papers were in the missing suitcase.

We picked up our other bags and in a rather dejected mood went out to the midway and located the track for the *Zephyr-Rocket*. When the gate was opened, a flood of people poured through. Military personnel were given preference, and soon the train was filled to capacity. We were told there was no more space.

All we could do was wait for Burlington's train 1, the *Midnight Mail*, which was to leave at 11:45 p.m. We found a phone booth and called my grandmother to tell her we would be late. We did manage to get on board the *Midnight Mail* and arrived in Hannibal at 2:20 a.m., now on Saturday, September 1, four days and three-and-a-half nights after leaving Mexico City. A long trip turned out to be much longer than expected.

There was a happy ending, though, as two weeks later, my mother got a call from the Railway Express Agency in Hannibal informing her that they had her suitcase. When we got to the station, the agent told her that apparently the owner of the suitcase she had mistakenly picked up had intentionally taken her suitcase and did not want to surrender it, whereupon the police threatened to charge him with theft. He finally yielded and gave it to the authorities. When my mother opened her suitcase she found all the important papers were there, and she was profuse in giving thanks to the Railway Express agent. ■

JOHN E. HUEGEL graduated from the University of Wisconsin and then attended Princeton (N.J.) Theological Seminary. He served as a Christian missionary in Mexico for 42 years, and is retired in New Braunfels, Texas, with his wife Yvonne. He has had various books published, in both English and Spanish, but this is his first CT byline.



CB&Q's *Mark Twain Zephyr*, due out of St. Louis just as the *Sunshine Special* arrived, is seen at the big terminal in July 1949. Huegel and his family ended up on a night mail train to Hannibal.

Harold E. Williams

My Conrail



A July 19, 1976, view at the old Lehigh Valley shop in Sayre, Pa., shows how quickly the rosters of Conrail's predecessor roads were integrated and how colorful the fleet was.

beginnings

BY LARRY DeYOUNG • Photos by the author



“Orientation Sessions” was the label on a file I encountered in late 2015 as I was relocating some file cabinets in my basement to accommodate my growing O gauge model railroad. Upon opening that file, long-lost memories of my origins in the railroad industry came flooding back. The year was 1978, and I was a new employee of the upstart, subversive Northeastern rail giant Consolidated Rail Corporation — Conrail.

A few years earlier, I had secured a position teaching economics and business at the University of Cincinnati, while my wife Joyce worked nearby in the pharmaceutical industry. But in 1978 she was recruited by a major firm in suburban Philadelphia. The job paid more than we two were earning together in Cincinnati, so the decision was a “no-brainer.” I was off to Philly as an “unemployed dependent.”

After a couple of weeks photographing trains in a new environment (no one in my home state of Ohio ever saw so many passenger trains!), I decided I needed to find a job. The one person I knew in the area was David McWherter, a former aide to Erie Lackawanna’s vice president of traffic, Fred Coffman. Dave was working in Conrail’s Marketing Department, and I gave him a call.

“Send me your resumé — we’re hiring,” he said. So of course I did, and Dave’s director, Alan Montgomery, hired



On November 6, 1978, one week before I started at Conrail, a westbound CR freight is overtaken by an Amtrak train at North Philadelphia station. Conrail would reroute nearly all freight onto its own, nonelectrified lines.



This 1980 photo shows me and three colleagues working on Conrail's hazardous materials strategy. From left: Judy Singer, Dave Hess, myself, and George "Bud" Turner.

Larry DeYoung collection

me two weeks later. On November 13, 1978, I started my new job as a service analyst in the Covered Hopper and Tank Car Business Group of Conrail's Marketing Department.

In all my advanced education, I had never taken a single course in marketing, but I did know what covered hoppers and tank cars were! And now I was *in* railroading. My desk was next to Dave

McWherter, who had an encyclopedic knowledge of rail commerce. That came in handy. We both reported to Roberta Cohen, manager of business group planning, who had no issue with my being an "unemployed dependent" when she asked me why I was applying for work there. Indeed, the fact that I would relocate for my wife's career was probably a plus with Ms. Cohen.

I was familiar with Conrail as well as its former components. I grew up in northeast Ohio along the main line of the Erie Railroad, which shortly after my 13th birthday in 1960 merged with Delaware, Lackawanna & Western to become Erie Lackawanna, which turned out to be a short-lived (15½ years) attempt to fend off the inevitable in the competitive and regulatory environment of the time. I attended primary and junior high schools along the Pennsylvania Railroad on a stretch where New York Central had trackage rights. Not all the area roads were Conrail predecessors. One of my close friends in high school lived next to

Baltimore & Ohio's main line, and I could hear Nickel Plate Road trains in the distance when the wind was right. My father passed Akron, Canton & Youngstown's Brittain Yards on his way to work.

I think I came by my passion for railroads honestly, but my maternal grandfather, a retired Railway Express agent, and my paternal cousin, a track man on the EL, both urged me to look elsewhere for employment because to them, railroading was a "dying industry." So I decided to study the death of the railroads. I embarked on what I hoped would become a career as an economic historian, researching, writing about, and teaching the decline and fall of American railroads. Somewhere along the way, my plan was short-circuited.

CONRAIL'S CHALLENGES

Conrail had initiated combined service on April 1, 1976, but as the descendant of failed companies, and trying to integrate the operations of former competitors, it faced daunting challenges.

When I joined Conrail's payroll two and a half years after startup, the railroad was losing a million dollars a day, and service remained spotty.

Many of the downward trends that led to Conrail's creation had continued as the management of the new company drew on the federal funds that had been appropriated to "save" Northeastern freight railroading. When I joined its payroll two and a half years after startup, Conrail still was losing nearly a million dollars a day, and service to customers remained spotty. As an academic, I had been a skeptic. It didn't look to me, from the outside, like there was much chance of significant change, much less a reversal of the trends. Was I ever wrong!

What I found at Conrail was anything but your "FFR — friendly federal railroad," as one sarcastic wag in Marketing put it in frustration one day. It was not an organization whose leadership intended to bow down to authority in Washington; rather, it took seriously the charge from Congress and the Department of Transportation to transform the company into a competitive, profitable deliverer of transportation service.

Conventional wisdom said that much of the problem with railroading in that era was railroad management. There was some truth to that, as it was hard to draw creative minds to an industry guided by the heavy hand of the Interstate Commerce Commission. So the new Conrail was led by Edward Jordan, a veteran of the insurance industry, an "outsider" who had been president of the United States Railway Association (USRA), the government's planner for Conrail. Most of Conrail's senior management came from beyond the ranks of the bankrupt railroads that formed the new corporation. However, nearly everyone involved in moving trains or serving the public — freight customers or commuters — came straight from those very bankrupts, principally Penn Central.

The fact that top management was nearly all new to Conrail, while employees from upper middle management down through the operating ranks were "legacy," led to a lot of tension in those early days. Senior leadership didn't know their subordinates, and vice-versa. The troops didn't entirely trust their generals, and the generals tended to distrust the troops. Neither viewpoint was unwar-



Stencils hung on a wall in reverse order in the ex-EL shop at Meadville, Pa., in 1977 reflect the sentiments of many employees during Conrail's early years. Workers from predecessors other than Penn Central often felt heavy-handed ex-PC management was being imposed on them.



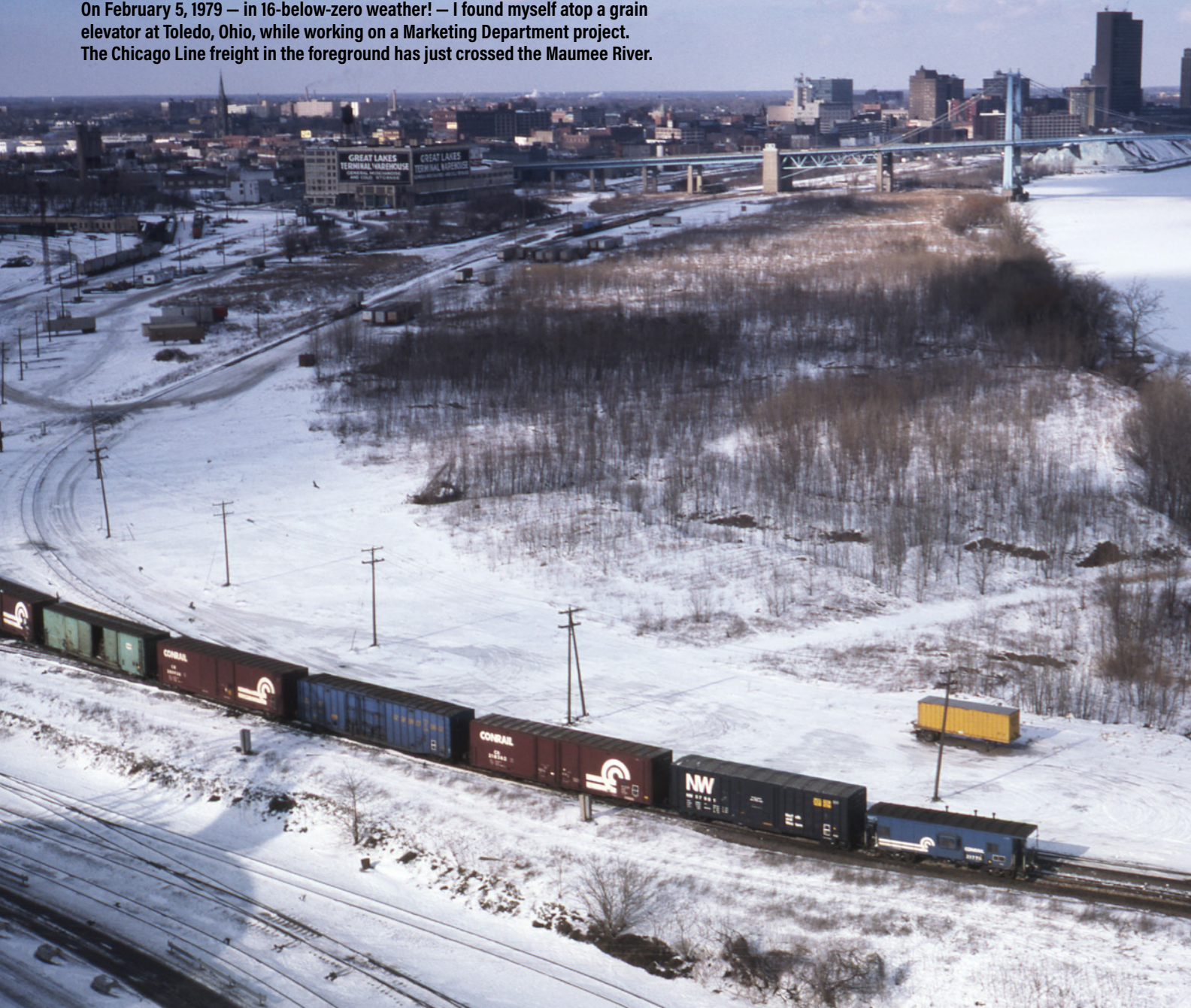
On December 5, 1978, I toured Enola Yard near Harrisburg, Pa., with an orientation class. This ex-PRR facility's status would fall, rise, fall again, and ultimately rise yet again under Norfolk Southern, as it lies at the nexus of NS's north-south and east-west routes in the Northeast.

ranted. The ranks, mostly well into middle age with much if not all their seniority acquired working for failing railroads, had mastered techniques that weren't necessarily paragons of good management or supervision. As Donald Swanson, initially general manager of Conrail's Atlantic Region, later told me when he was senior vice president of operations, "The toughest thing I have had to do is learn to quit lying in order to get things

done." So, senior management engaged many consultants. Federal funds were going through Conrail to McKinsey, Booz Allen, Andersen Consulting, and other firms as they studied the proposals many Conrail employees were making to management.

Meanwhile, within the ranks there were sources of movement in new directions. The Strategic Planning Department, under a highly educated 30-some-

On February 5, 1979 — in 16-below-zero weather! — I found myself atop a grain elevator at Toledo, Ohio, while working on a Marketing Department project. The Chicago Line freight in the foreground has just crossed the Maumee River.



thing upstart named Leo Mullin (later CEO of Delta Airlines), was full of other 30-somethings looking at the railroad industry with fresh eyes. Several PhDs in a variety of fields joined the staff. People from outside Conrail's predecessors, but who had been involved in Conrail's planning and creation at the USRA, were hired into positions at Conrail, often with the task of "making their plans come true."

Several of those folks worked in operations planning, but perhaps the most significant was James Hagen, Ed Jordan's successor as president of USRA, who joined Conrail as senior vice president of

marketing and sales. Under Hagen, Richard Steiner was remaking the Marketing Department with a bunch of newly minted MBAs. Although many of them didn't stick around when they discovered they didn't stand a chance of becoming CEO in a year or two, some stayed to make for consequential change to Conrail and the railroad industry as a whole. Both Al Montgomery and Roberta Cohen, my initial supervision, were among them.

DEATH BY CONSULTANTS

I personally experienced both the over-reliance on consultants and the in-

ternal agents of change. In 1979 I was charged with a project wherein one of our major grain customers wanted the opportunity to ship unit trains from any of its inland elevators to any export port served by the railroads serving the inland elevators. The practice at the time was, if any unit grain train shipper wanted to ship a trainload of grain from, say, an Indiana elevator on the Louisville & Nashville, to Philadelphia on Conrail, because of the nature of the unit grain train tariffs, the train had to move from its L&N origin elevator to one on Conrail before it could proceed to Philadelphia. This built



As an economist, I was surprised to see Conrail using sophisticated economic modeling and state-of-the art systems analysis to guide its decision-making.



In 1980 I studied Buffalo switching crews. The crew on this Geep was hostile, not only to me, but to each other! I took this photo after all of them had left me, alone in a running locomotive, and took off separately for lunch!



Conrail Chairman L. Stanley Crane presides at the opening of the New York Stock Exchange on March 26, 1987, the day CR entered the private sector with its initial public stock offering, the largest in history up to that time.

Larry DeYoung collection

circuitry, delay, and extra expense into the transaction.

After I analyzed the customer's idea, I recommended that Conrail accept the proposal. I got buy-in from the other railroads serving the customer as well. But then the recommendation had to be reviewed by not one, but two of our consultants. By the time it was approved, Al Montgomery had to seek me out in another department to tell me so — and that the customer said they no longer cared because they had worked out other solutions.

By that time, I was in the Service De-

velopment under Tom Collard, a former USRA analyst who took seriously the role of making Conrail work right. Those of us working with him were given long leashes to change practices, to make our jobs as interfaces among Marketing and Sales, Transportation, and Finance easier and more effective. We created many improved practices to speed the process of finding new ways to serve the railroad's customers.

As an economist, I was surprised to see Conrail using sophisticated economic modeling and state-of-the art systems analysis to guide its decision-making. One of the new hires in my orientation sessions in 1978 was J. Reilly McCarren, a recent MIT master's degree graduate with a specialty in railroad systems analysis. Years later, a former Boston & Maine executive recounted that one of McCarren's *undergraduate* student projects could have had the potential to turn the B&M around, had it been implemented. Mc-

Carren was *that* bright. He worked on a number of game-changing initiatives at Conrail before going on to start the regional railroad Gateway Western and then serve in senior executive roles at Wisconsin Central Ltd. and as CEO of the Arkansas & Missouri.

Another person in that orientation program was James E. Dalberg, a 1978 U.S. Marine Corps retiree. Jim, whom I already knew from outside (although I did not know he'd hired on as a trainmaster at Conrail) expressed to me frustration at the old, hidebound management methods used in the field and suggested he might move on to military consulting. I mentioned this to Reilly McCarren, who agreed that we needed people like Dalberg in the company, and Reilly moved quickly to find Jim a job in transportation planning. Jim went on to manage Conrail's locomotive fleet, structure its intermodal equipment deployment, and serve as executive assistant to the

To provide some semblance of competition for Conrail, Delaware & Hudson was given trackage rights over portions of the new system. D&H GP39-2 7415 (an ex-Reading unit) passes SD7 6999 at Allentown, Pa., in August 1980.



Ancient ex-Lackawanna M.U. cars rest at Gladstone, N.J., in April 1981, the year the passage of the Northeast Rail Service Act set the stage for Conrail to exit the commuter business.

Lighting by Preston Cook

president, among other influential roles.

Almost certainly the most significant change that Conrail led, and the one that shook up my preconceived notions the most, was in the area of economic regulation. When I got to Conrail I learned that Leo Mullin, Dick Steiner, and Charlie Marshall, chief commerce counsel in the law department, were making regular trips to Washington to deliver the message that Conrail could not stand on its own under the regulatory regime that persisted. If Conrail were to become self-sustaining, as Congress was demanding, it had to have deregulation. When I learned this was a central focus of Conrail management, I knew I was in the right place. And Conrail was successful in driving that to a conclusion, the Staggers Rail Act of 1980, thus beginning its turnaround from federal ward and hopeless basket case to a reinvigorated force for change in freight transportation.

ENTER STANLEY CRANE

Ed Jordan resigned from Conrail in 1980, succeeded in 1981 by L. Stanley Crane, who came to Conrail from the

If Conrail were to become self-sustaining, it had to have deregulation. When I learned this was management's central focus, I knew I was in the right place.



When I toured the vast but outdated Juniata Locomotive Shops at Altoona as a new employee, I gained insight into just how massive an enterprise Conrail was. This shot was taken at Juniata on a subsequent tour after both the shops and the locomotive fleet had been modernized.

Southern Railway with no one else from his staff, not even a secretary. Almost immediately, most of the consultants were sent packing — Crane made use of the management he inherited. While I never met Jordan, I had the honor of working closely with Crane. In 1983 I moved from service development to a job as executive representative for state and local affairs in Conrail's Government Affairs Department. I was responsible for the states of New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. In that job, following Crane's success in turning Conrail around financially, I suddenly found myself involved intimately in the process of defending Conrail's honor in the proposed sale of the federal government's 85-percent holding in Conrail stock to Norfolk Southern.

The effort to prevent that sale was led by Crane in open defiance of his nominal boss, Elizabeth Dole, President Reagan's secretary of transportation. When Crane had speaking engagements on the topic in my "territory," I often got to travel with him to the events. It is one of the great privileges of my working life to have had that experience. While Crane could have

an explosive temper (I once saw him clear the executive dining room of all other executives in reacting to a proposal I placed before him; I kept my job — *whew!*), he also could be a real gentleman and was inclined to give credit where it was due. He told me he could not have succeeded at Conrail had Ed Jordan not "set the table" for him by getting deregulation through. I think most of us had tended to minimize Jordan's importance to the history of Conrail. Not Crane.

Conrail went on to its independence as a publicly traded company. Many of us in its management and in labor were proud of what the company accomplished (at the cost of many people's livelihoods, it should be recognized), but things changed. I left the company in 1994 for a complicated set of reasons, but I retained an attachment to it and stayed in touch with former colleagues, as I do to this day.

As the 1990s progressed, I got the feeling that the board of directors and some in senior management had lost confidence in the future of the industry and the role of Conrail in it, a loss that led to the company offering itself to CSX in a

so-called "merger of equals." On the other hand, Conrail continued to pioneer new ways of doing things in the rail freight business right up to the day it was split between NS and CSX. Those of us who took part in Conrail's success realize that we were part of what may well have been the best company in the industry at the time.

Conrail lasted less than a quarter century, which isn't long compared with some of its predecessors that began in the 1830s, '40s, and '50s, but it was a real catalyst for change in railroading and ultimately may have been the one thing that kept freight railroading in the private sector. ■

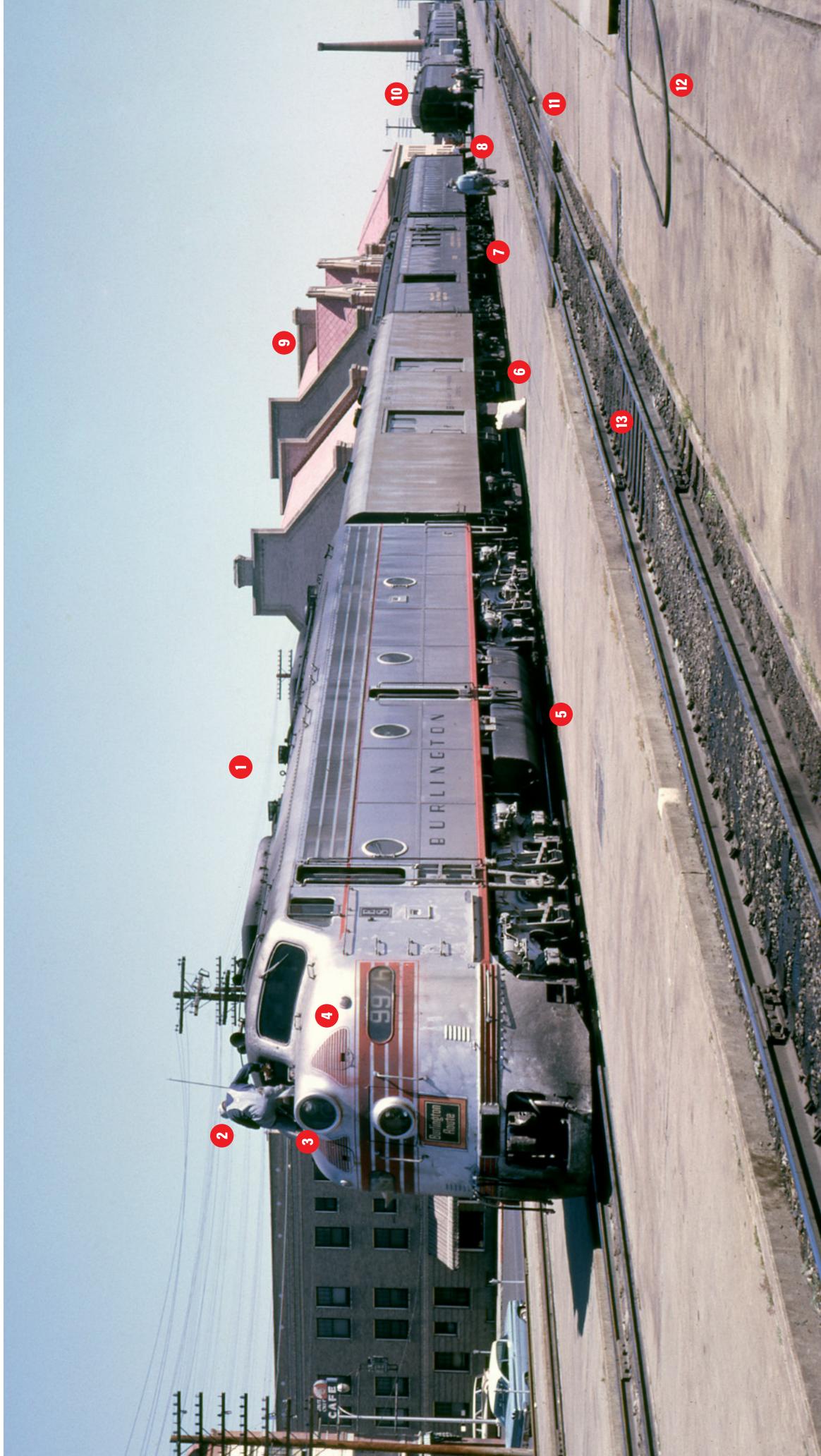
LARRY DEYOUNG in retirement, is secretary of short lines Livonia, Avon & Lakeville and Western New York & Pennsylvania. He and his wife Joyce live along the tracks in a Philadelphia suburb. Larry thanks Tom Collard, Jim Dalberg, Jim Hagen, Charlie Marshall, the late Jim McClellan, and Alan Montgomery for their help with this article, which he dedicates to the memory of his late friend Dave McWherter. This is Larry's first CLASSIC TRAINS byline.

What's in a Photograph?

Family connection at Billings, August 2, 1961

Burlington Route trains for Denver and Lincoln and NP's *North Coast Limited* meet and exchange passengers, mail, and express

BY JERRY A. PINKEPANK • Photos by the author



Chicago, Burlington & Quincy was owned 50-50 by Northern Pacific and Great Northern. In turn, CB&Q from 1909 owned Colorado & Southern, which in 1914, after "the Q" completed a line south from Billings to Orin Junction, Wyo., became the Burlington system's link between Billings, Denver, and the Texas state line, where subsidiary Fort Worth & Denver took over for operations in Texas. NP built through Billings (named for NP President Frederick Billings) in 1882. GN and NP acquired control of CB&Q in 1901 to gain a connection to Chicago, but fortuitously the Q had completed a line from Lincoln to Billings in 1894, so NP and soon GN also had a route to Kansas City via CB&Q (GN built into Billings from Great Falls in 1909) and, after 1914, to Texas. Burlington used trackage rights over NP's main line to reach Billings from Huntley, Mont., 13 miles east, and the freight terminal at Laurel, 15 miles west of Billings, which is also where GN's trackage rights into Billings began. CB&Q's rights then extended a further 57 miles to Frannie Junction, where Q's line to Denver began. Thus, NP's Billings station was a union station for NP, GN, and CB&Q. When the roads merged into Burlington Northern in 1970, the trackage rights became irrelevant, but when BN leased the old NP main to Montana Rail Link in 1987 it made sure to preserve the access to the ex-GN at Laurel. Today, BNSF still enjoys a through route between Kansas City, Lincoln, and the old GN main line at Shelby, Mont., for Pacific Northwest traffic that is not required by contract to use MRL.

1 CB&Q-C&S train 30 for Denver

Due to depart at 1:30 p.m., 24 minutes after the eastbound *North Coast Limited*, arriving Denver, 667 miles, at 7:35 next morning; the westbound *North Coast* departed at 10:58 a.m. and connecting passengers could use the meal service in the Billings station. A sleeping car was available from Casper, Wyo. (4 sections, 7 duplex roomettes, 3 double bedrooms, 1 compartment), departing there at 10:45 p.m. At Deaver, Wyo., 78

miles from Billings, there was a bus connection to Yellowstone Park. Meals were available at the station at Worland, Wyo., 5:25 to 6:05 p.m., just before entering scenic Wind River Canyon.

2 Laborer washing the windshield

He has climbed up using the ladder formed of grab irons visible on the side of the locomotive's nose. Railroads began retrofitting such access ladders to their cab units in the early 1950s.

3 Headlight low, Mars light high

It was common among railroads using the Mars oscillating headlight to position it in the top headlight casing, with the regular headlight below. Patented by the Mars candy company, the light was originally designed for use in Mars' hometown by the Chicago Fire Department, but found its greatest use on railroads. An emergency air-brake application would change its light from white to red, signaling an approaching train on an adjacent track to stop in case there were derailed cars ahead.

4 Early Zephyr heritage

The paint design on the nose of CB&Q E units was intended to suggest the windshield and the vents above it on the original shovel-nose *Zephyrs*. Originally black, the color was changed to red in the late 1950s.

5 E8A No. 9976

Built September 1953. CB&Q owned 38 E8s; FW&D, 2. Burlington and its subsidiaries had 116 E units in models E5, E7, E8, and E9; all but 5 E5Bs were A units.

6 Baggage car

For passengers' luggage as well as Railway Express shipments.

7 Railway Post Office car

Half the car is for mail worked en route by RPO clerks, while the half nearest the photographer

is used for sack mail going through without being sorted. The door at the far end of the car has a hook for picking up sack mail on the fly, while sack mail going through unsorted used the nearer, larger door and was loaded at station stops. All personnel in this car were Post Office employees and the end doors were kept locked.

8 Reclining-seat coach

Going through from Billings to Denver, it has the standing-seam roof popular in late years with CB&Q and Santa Fe; this roof type had been common earlier, but generally went out of use in the early 1920s because of maintenance issues that for some reason didn't bother the Q or ATSF.

9 Billings Union Station

Built in 1909 and with a separate "lunch house," along with separate baggage and office buildings. It was purchased and renovated by a local group after the last Amtrak service here, the *North Coast Hiawatha*, ended in 1979.

10 CB&Q train 42 for Omaha

Three head-end cars and two reclining-seat coaches (one a Budd lightweight) reflect the greater traffic on this route. Carded out of Bil-

lings at 10:55 a.m., it did not wait for the eastbound *North Coast*, probably due to U.S. mail schedules which by the 1960s often represented more revenue than the passengers on trains like this. A 2 p.m. bus to Newcastle, Wyo., partly filled the void. There was a meal stop at Gillette, Wyo. (244 miles from Billings), departing 5 p.m., and a 6-section/6-roomette/4-double bedroom car for Omaha was picked up from Alliance, Nebr. (475 miles), departing 10:40 p.m. Also picked up at Alliance was a Casper, Wyo.-Omaha coach. Train 42 arrived Omaha (896 miles) at 7:50 a.m.

11 Timber crossing

Used by passengers and baggage wagons to reach the platform between the east- and west-bound main lines.

12 Water hose

Long-distance trains needed to have en route refilling of passenger car water tanks supplying the washrooms, dining cars, and sleeping-car rooms.

13 Westbound main track

About to be occupied by the westbound *North Coast Limited*; generally single-track through Montana, NP was double-track here.



The observation car of NP's Chicago-Seattle/Tacoma *North Coast Limited* stands across the platform from CB&Q E8 9942B (March 1950), which will soon depart with train 42 to Omaha.



California PhotoSpecial



UNION PACIFIC 4-10-2 5093 helps three Fairbanks-Morse Erie-built diesels lift the eastbound *Los Angeles Limited* up Cajon Pass. UP dieselized its Cajon helper operations in 1948, but brought steam back for a spell in 1950–51. Built with three cylinders, UP's 10 4-10-2s became two-cylinder engines in 1942.

William J. Pontin



GREAT NORTHERN in 1931 opened its line south to Bieber, Calif., where it connected with Western Pacific's "High Line" north from Keddie to form the "Inside Gateway." In August 1948, a GN 2-10-2 leads a train north out of Bieber. GN considered, but never launched, an *Empire Builder* section on this route.

Fred Matthews

WESTERN PACIFIC silver-and-orange GP7s cross a trestle on the "High Line" near Keddie with the local freight from Westwood late in the afternoon of June 17, 1968. The road marked the completion of its main line from Salt Lake City to the Bay Area with a last-spike ceremony at Keddie in 1909.

Ted Benson



SOUTHERN PACIFIC put on a show each morning in the late 1940s at Glendale, 6 miles up the Coast Line from Los Angeles Union Station. Train 76, the overnight *Lark* from San Francisco, was scheduled for 8:39 a.m., while 51, the *San Joaquin Daylight* to Oakland, was due at 8:43. In two views from May 1948, E7s in *Golden State* livery pull out with the *Lark*, as two 4-8-2s, having waited for 76 to complete its station work, ease in with the "SJD."

Frank Peterson, Alan Miller collection







SANTA FE Mikado 4047 and Mountain 3704 make a grand sight departing Richmond, Calif., with an eastbound freight. The train is climbing from the waterfront to the bridge over SP's Oakland-Sacramento line. Photographer Edwards captured this view from his living room window one morning in 1947.

David G. Edwards





Jackson, Ky., August 3, 1967: Louisville & Nashville RS3s 162 and 159 start pulling on a northbound coal train after adding three F units behind the caboose for the climb up Elkatawa Hill.

AT LAST WITH MY OWN WHEELS, IN 1967 I FINALLY COULD

TAKE IN L&N'S ELKATAWA HILL PUSHER OPERATION

Action at



BY RON FLANARY • Photos by the author

Jackson

(Kentucky)



First, a primer on the town in the title. A 1960 *Official Guide of the Railways* lists no fewer than 20 railroad-served communities in America named Jackson, plus one in Canada. This tale concerns the Jackson that is in east-central Kentucky, the seat of Breathitt County (which, incidentally, was “dry” until voters approved alcohol sales in 2016). This Jackson is located on what in the late 1960s was Louisville & Nashville’s Eastern Kentucky Subdivision (the “EK Sub”).

In August 1967, I had just finished my first year of college and then a couple of summer-school courses to get a head start on the fall semester. During the first week of August, I was staying with my grandmother in Loyall, Ky. The adjacent L&N Cumberland Valley Division yard there was always an incentive to visit her,



The first stop on my August 3, 1967, adventure was L&N’s terminal at Hazard. RS3 158, still in its original dark blue and cream livery (top), switches the yard. A hostler tending to RS3 159 under the steam-era coal and sand tower (above) directed me to the helper base at Jackson.



At the Jackson station, C628 1413 and C630 1426 pass under the footbridge (left) then emit clouds of dark Alco smoke (below) as the engineer notches out for the climb ahead. F-unit pushers 826, 835, and 555 (bottom) lean on the rear of the 12,000-ton coal train.

but there were things to see over the mountains that, until this point, had been beyond my reach. Now, with my own "wheels," a 1960 Jeep wagon, I decided to drive the long, winding two lanes from Loyall to Hazard, on the EK Sub, to photograph a piece of L&N's Appalachian coal railroading that was new to me.

So, early on the morning of Thursday, August 3, I drove the 60-some miles further north, across Pine Mountain and several smaller ridges, dodging coal trucks and other traffic on the narrow hards. I reached Hazard while the morning fog along the North Fork of the Kentucky River was still low in the valley. Hazard's small yard, the river, and the cramped business district took up all available space in the narrow defile. The only access to L&N's small terminal was a wooden pedestrian suspension bridge over the river to the yard's south throat.

L&N's Kentucky coal country was



L&N's stealthy "Black Cats"

In the late 1930s the march of diesel-electrics to displace steam from mainline freight service had no momentum . . . until Electro-Motive's four-unit FT demonstrator No. 103 began a nationwide tour in late 1939. L&N management could not have missed the glowing reports of 103's performance, and surely was aware that neighbors Southern, Seaboard Air Line, and their road's own parent, Atlantic Coast Line, had made significant FT purchases.

Although L&N, a major coal-hauler, initially stuck with steam for its freight operations, it did dabble in diesels for yard and passenger service. Mostly to placate smoke abatement advocates, L&N had begun acquiring diesel switchers in 1939. In 1941 it ordered from Baldwin for 1942 delivery the first 14 of what would become a fleet of 42 class M-1 "Big Emma" 2-8-4s. But L&N also began receiving 16 EMD E6 passenger units in

May 1942. The road was delighted in both cases, and ordered 6 more 2-8-4s in 1944 and 8 E6-successor E7s in '46.

L&N built several new branch lines in the late '40s to serve new coal mines, particularly on the Eastern Kentucky Subdivision. The "EK" was in dire need of new investment, so during 1947-48, L&N poured \$7.6 million into upgrades including CTC signaling, heavier rail, strengthened bridges and turntables, and tunnel enlargements. Nearly \$6 million of that total went toward the purchase of what would be the final 22 2-8-4s.

Almost unnoticed, though, was a \$714,000 outlay to EMD for five F3 freight units, two As and three Bs. L&N had decided on the F3s to replace the pairs of 2-8-2s that served as pushers on the EK's Elkatawa Hill, which required three additional engine crews each 24-hour period. Plopping the diesels in the heart of coal country was certainly an affront to the

industry that kept L&N's red hopper cars full. So, to minimize attention, the oil-burning intruders were dressed not in the striking blue-and-cream livery worn by the E6s but in solid black, relieved only by yellow-gold lettering and a variation of the red-and-gold emblem on the nose. Crews nicknamed them "Black Cats." Before going to Elkatawa as pushers, an A-B-B trio spent a week on the Clinchfield Railroad, while the other A-B duo roamed other L&N lines.

The Black Cats went to work at Elkatawa in September 1948, and it didn't take long for them to prove their

worth. Initially just three units were used as the pusher, and train tonnages were increased only marginally. When the final 22 Big Emmas began arriving in early '49, an additional unit was added to the pusher, for with the help of four F3s over Elkatawa, one M-1 could handle 10,000 tons all the way from Neon to Ravenna.

The Big Emma era on the EK was a scant six years. A miners' strike later in '49 freed the Black Cats from captive service on Elkatawa, and they made a whirlwind systemwide tour, demonstrating the superiority of diesel over steam. In 1950, management in L&N's

September 1948: "Black Cat" F3 set No. 2501 (below) is ready to start shoving on northbound coal loads at Gentry, 2 miles north of Jackson, as a J-4 Mikado passes on the main with empties. Just outside Chenowee Tunnel (right), the three-unit diesel is cut off on the fly.

Two photos, Louisville & Nashville Railroad Historical Society collection



Louisville headquarters decided on total dieselization. The last M-1 ventured "up the holler" — L&N lingo for the EK south of Ravenna — in late 1955, as a steady tide of diesels took over the mine runs and coal trains there as well as locals and through freights across the system.

With no reason to stay subtle, the new units wore a black-and-cream variation of the E6 livery. In time, Alco RS3s became the preferred eastern Kentucky coalfield power because of their superior low-speed lugging capabilities. On Elkatawa Hill, the pusher base was moved 2 miles south to Jackson. — Ron Flanary



More action at Jackson: GE U25C 1503 rolls through the station area with empty hoppers for Hazard. The coal train at left, headed by RS3s 162 and 159, is stopped while its crew discusses the ailing 159.

largely, though not exclusively, Alco territory. After photographing RS3 158 working the morning yard job, I walked to the engine terminal, which teemed with four- and six-motor road units. The hostler sanding RS3 159 under the steam-era coaling tower gave me directions to my other objective — the Elkatawa Hill pusher operation based at Jackson. After a few more shots, I walked back across the footbridge, cranked up the Jeep, and headed 40 more miles north.

In 1967, L&N's Eastern Kentucky Sub was basically a 181-mile dead-end coal feeder from Patio Tower, just south of Winchester on the Cincinnati–Atlanta main line, southeast “up the holler” to McRoberts, Ky., near the border with Virginia. From Winchester, the EK itself continued west through Lexington and Frankfort to HK Tower, a junction with L&N's Cincinnati–Louisville main (a.k.a. the “Short Line”) 12 miles north of Louisville, but the character of that portion was totally unlike the coal-dominated network east from Patio.

The EK was not a branch in the sense of a light-rail, weed-grown, small-engine route, rather a heavy-haul steel conveyor belt with CTC-equipped single track, two stretches of double track, and some of the

longest, heaviest trains on the entire L&N. Coal was marshaled from mines on both sides of Hazard, consolidated there into 10,000- to 12,000-ton trains bound for the next crew-change point, Ravenna. From there, the trains climbed 26 miles to Patio, turning north to Cincinnati and connections in the Midwest, or south through Corbin, Ky., and Knoxville and Etowah, Tenn., to Atlanta and connections to other markets in the Southeast. Unit trains were still in their infancy in 1967, so northbound trains carried coal from multiple loading points destined for multiple consignees.

Driving through Jackson's neat little business district, I found the depot, complete with a pedestrian bridge and the umbrella sheds still intact from its days serving varnish, 11 years after the EK's last scheduled passenger train called. The friendly agent advised me that the pushers had just shoved a northbound train and would soon return, and that two more coal trains were on their way from Hazard. Further, I had just missed a southbound empty hopper train, powered by two Alco FA2s.

Three gray-and-yellow L&N F units

slowed for the turnout at the north end of Jackson's siding and paused briefly at the depot so the crew could eat “dinner.” (That would be “lunch” in most places, but in much of the South the midday meal was always “dinner.”) The power was F9A 555, rebuilt F2A 835, and F7A 826. The middle unit was a gem. When L&N's original F7A 835 was wrecked in a 1966 derailment, South Louisville Shops salvaged the prime mover, generator, and other major components and transplanted them into the carbody of former Atlantic Coast Line F2A 324. The “new 835” was mechanically an F7 in an F2 body, complete with raised roof fans.

After the crew ate, they moved the pushers south to the opposite end of the siding to await the arrival of Extra 1413 North, a 145-car, 12,000-ton coal train led by two big Alcos, C628 1413 and C630 1426. With the pushers tied on and the air-brake test completed, the train blasted off from Jackson under a pall of black smoke that would have done an L&N M-1 “Big Emma” 2-8-4 proud. I shot the head end and pushers on black-and-white film, but I changed to color negative film for the next moves.

With the pushers now back in Jackson, the second-trick crew relieved the morn-



RS3s 162 and 159 (top) are down to a snail's pace with their 122-car coal train at Yeadon, a quarter mile from the top of Elkatawa Hill. A flagman on the rear of caboose 1208 (above) will cut off the three-unit helper just before entering the summit tunnel.

ing crew. The lanky engineer showed me around the F units and answered my questions about this interesting operation. This end of the EK was an entirely downriver railroad for coal from the end of track at McRoberts to Ravenna . . . with the exception of Elkatawa Hill (proper local pronunciation: "El-ka-toy"). To avoid a long and circuitous northward swing of the river, construction engineers instead had placed the line across the watershed divide, resulting in an approximate 4-mile, 1-percent grade on either side.

Content to live with a round-the-clock pusher operation, L&N had used tandem 2-8-2s until 1948, when it took delivery of its first road freight diesels: five F3s in the form of two As and three Bs [see sidebar, page 54]. The units were dubbed "Black Cats" for their solid black paint, applied to avoid offending local coal miners (who surely realized the EMDs were fueled by something other than bituminous coal!). Thereafter, diesels would handle the pusher assignment, with the M-1 2-8-4s up front as road power on the 10,000-ton trains. Steam on the EK ceased in 1956, the same year passenger trains came off.

Just then the train radio crackled and Extra 162 North confirmed he was "gettin' close." The train's hoghead reported engine trouble on the second unit, RS3 159, which I'd photographed that morning under the Hazard coaling station. As always, the pusher set went south on the siding to be in position to couple up to the train's caboose. This train, with 122 loads, worked right up to beside the depot, and as it passed [pages 50-51], the 159 was audibly a sick puppy. The head-end and helper crews discussed the possible doubling of the train to the siding at Athol, 12 miles beyond Jackson, in the event of a stall. While the engine crew gave mechanical attention to the ailing 159, a southbound hopper train led by a single U25C rolled through the siding en route to Hazard.

With directions on how to get across the hill to see how Extra 162 would fare on Elkatawa with a lame unit, I fired up my Jeep and changed locations. The generally hot and hazy weather so typical of August in the region gave way to a brief afternoon shower. At almost the same moment I jumped from my vehicle at the small community of Elkatawa, the train came roaring around the curve to get a run for the grade. By the time the three wide-open pushers came into view, Extra 162 North was down to a crawl.



On my way back to my grandmother's place in Loyall, I found SD35 1200 in the company of Alco FAs and other equipment near the turntable at Hazard, capping a fine day.

Driving past the slow-moving train to the top of the hill at the site of the former north switch of the passing siding at Yeadon, I found a spot for a photo and waited. After what seemed like an eternity, the sound of two laboring Alco 244 engines began to grow in volume. When the RS3s appeared around the curve and then passed, they were down to a snail's pace, but the 159 sounded like it was doing its share of the work. The yardmaster at Hazard must have figured the tonnage down to the last lump of coal, since the ammeters in all five units were surely buried in the short-time rating. With this much tonnage, a longer grade would fry D.C. traction motors.

Less than a quarter mile ahead, the train curved into Chenowee Tunnel, top of the hill. Ever so slowly the long string of hoppers increased in cadence on the 132-pound jointed steel until, finally, the pushers came into view around the bend for a final kick for the remaining 49 downriver miles to Ravenna. The flagman was on caboose 1208's rear platform to close the angle cock and pull the pin to cut the pushers loose on the fly just before entering the tunnel. After they

stopped, reversed, and headed back to Jackson — with the friendly crew blowing a five-chime Nathan greeting to me as they passed — I headed for Loyall, stopping only briefly at Hazard to shoot a few more photos in the fading light. After winding homeward through the mountain darkness, I found one of my grandmother's great home-cooked meals on the table waiting for me, the capstone of a memorable day. On that August 3rd, I had witnessed only six hundredths of 1 percent of the 37.8 million tons of coal L&N would haul in 1967, but it was worth that trip over the narrow roads through the Kentucky hills.

Coal markets have changed drastically since L&N days, and today the welded rails across Elkatawa Hill are two streaks of rust. The CTC signals have gone dark and will be removed when CSX gets Federal Railroad Administration permission to convert to Direct Traffic Control (manual block). What little coal is shipped off the EK today comes from load-outs closer to Hazard, and the loads go east out the "back door," the connection of the EK's

Rockhouse Creek Branch with Chesapeake & Ohio's Elkhorn & Beaver Valley Sub at Deane, Ky., built by CSX in 1980.

There may be new life, though, at Ravenna, where the new Kentucky Steam Heritage Corp. (KSHC) has acquired the old L&N car shop and some yard trackage from CSX. Plans call for KSHC to move former C&O 2-8-4 Kanawha type 2716 from the Kentucky Railway Museum in New Haven to Ravenna for restoration. There, it will join former Nickel Plate 2-8-2 587, recently rescued from the Indiana Transportation Museum at Noblesville, Ind., and trucked, in pieces, to Ravenna, where in time it, too, is planned to be restored. How this plays out remains to be seen. Once coal is no longer being mined, sold, and shipped, the reason for any railroad's coal-branch existence vanishes, unless some alternative use can be implemented. ■

RON FLANARY has written extensively about the L&N and other rail subjects, and this is his 16th byline in a CT publication. Retired from a career in planning and economic development, he lives with his wife Wilma in southwestern Virginia.



How many ways can you spell **ROCK ISLAND?**

BY J. DAVID INGLES



TWO SIDES: As with any argument, there are two sides to each unit. Compare U28B 270's right side, at Kansas City, Kans., on May 26, 1973, with the left side in the large photo at the top, during the same month.

Alan Miller



DUPLICATE: The "CK ISLAND" variant, seen on U25B 227 at Kansas City, Kans., on March 12, 1967, was identical to U25B 236, except the latter had a yellow short hood, vs. 227's maroon with three nose chevrons.

Hank Goerke

GREAT EXAMPLE: One correct U25B, repainted into the Rock Island's then-new paint scheme, splices misfit U28B 270 and leased WM GP9 27 at Denver in May 1973.
Hol Wagner



To get units back on the road, shop employees prioritized function over appearance

Knowing how detail-oriented to the point of obsession many railfans can be — and I admit to being in that population to a degree — there likely are Rock Island fans who have quantified the misspellings that wound up on its diesels 40-some years ago. The misspelling “affliction” was, to judge from slides of RI locomotives that I’ve accumulated, not a matter of misapplied stencils, as occasionally happens on freight cars. No,

the variations were due to the interchangeability of hood doors, especially on early General Electric units. When a door replacement was needed, it seems that shop employees at Silvis or El Reno just selected whatever was handy, with little regard for appearance.

Obviously, the proper spelling is staring at us on the middle unit, 235, in the big photo above. The large slanted white capital letters are on RI’s new bright-red-

and-yellow paint scheme. The “U-boat” was among 39 U25Bs delivered during 1963–65, the earliest batch in an austere solid maroon with a blank hood adorned only by a cab emblem, a look that at least did not lend itself to misspellings.

A prime example of the misspellings is on unit 270 at left above, among 42 U28Bs delivered in 1966 whose group was ripe for “wrong” replacement hood doors being obvious since the railroad



PHONETICALLY CORRECT: Probably not the only such example, U25B 238’s left side has the pronunciation correct, if not the spelling, at the railroad’s compact St. Louis engine terminal on August 15, 1970.

J. David Ingles



LONE WOLF? Perhaps only one EMD was afflicted. A check of slides of all RI’s contemporary (to early GEs) GP35s and GP40s yielded only one spelling error, on solid maroon GP35 332 at Denver in July 1967.

Norm Herbert

UNFINISHED: One substitute gray door on U25B 229, in Chicago in June 1970, spoils the name. The identical treatment was in evidence on U28B 247.

Harry Juday



name was spelled out in large and small capital letters. The borrowed GP9 in the photo, Western Maryland 27, is an example of another factor in play — the poor old Rock's financial frailty in its final years, when it was forced to scratch for motive power wherever it could.

Rock Island's supremely eclectic diesel fleet was interesting enough in its own right, early-on drawing my attention and resulting in my feature story, "Christine and the Mongeese," in December 1965 *TRAINS*, which included a full-page roster.

(The headline referred to the first EMD-re-engined Alco DL109 passenger unit, RI 621, and the railroaders' nickname for RI's BL2s.) When you add the many, sometimes humorous misspellings that turned up on early second-generation power, the attraction just gets deeper.

The "spelling versions" presented on these four pages are the result of simply thumbing through my slide files. Despite having slides of better than 80 percent of Rock's 190- and 200-series GE and 300-series EMD four-motor road units (a

total of only 125), it's likely that those pictured here represent only some of the misspellings. And don't forget, there are two sides to each hood — see unit 270!

Curiously, most of the examples I found were on "roster shots," but then, trailing units' lettering details are often difficult to discern in a typical three-quarter action photo. Also, the door misspellings came on only the one paint scheme, with ROCK ISLAND spelled out. This livery was, I believe, applied by the builders to fewer than 100 units, al-



NOTRE DAME VS. LOS ANGELES? With "ND LA" on U25B 224's left side, at Denver in May 1969, what else might one infer? The three Union Pacific units behind it probably are run-through or borrowed power.

Ken Crist



THREE-WORD CHAMPION?: A repetition door and a missing one make for this almost-a-sentence ("is" what?) on the engineer's side of U28B 277, laying over at a Chicago terminal in September 1973.

Ron Plazzotta



though some plain-maroon units were repainted with the spelled-out name.

At any rate, many of these photos have entertained slide-show audiences over the years, and I hope the ones here do the same for you.

Now, who wants to try to quantify the paint schemes on Rock Island diesels over the road's lifespan? Not me. You'd have to start with listing the types of units: yard, passenger, freight, etc., and define which details constituted "another scheme" or not. Yellow short hood? Sure,

to cite an easy case, but how about the only change being three chevron stripes on the nose (see U25B 227), popular for a while? We also cannot forget secondhand or inherited units that were not repainted. Paint costs money, as does the labor to apply it. One of my early photos to appear in *TRAINS* was of RI 839, one of two EMD SW8s RI inherited when it bought a remnant of the failing Texas short line Wichita Falls & Southern, which I shot in Oklahoma City in December 1960, still in WF&S black and orange. Similarly, RI

later acquired 10 of Rio Grande's 13 GP7s, which ran around in D&RGW colors, as did ex-Union Pacific F3s and E units in Armour yellow.

Whatever the answers, Rock Island was surely the king of different paint schemes, as well as the misspelling champion. **I**

J. DAVID INGLES, who has served on CLASSIC TRAINS' staff since CT's launch in 2000, raids his large slide collection for an "Ingles Color Classics" entry in each issue.



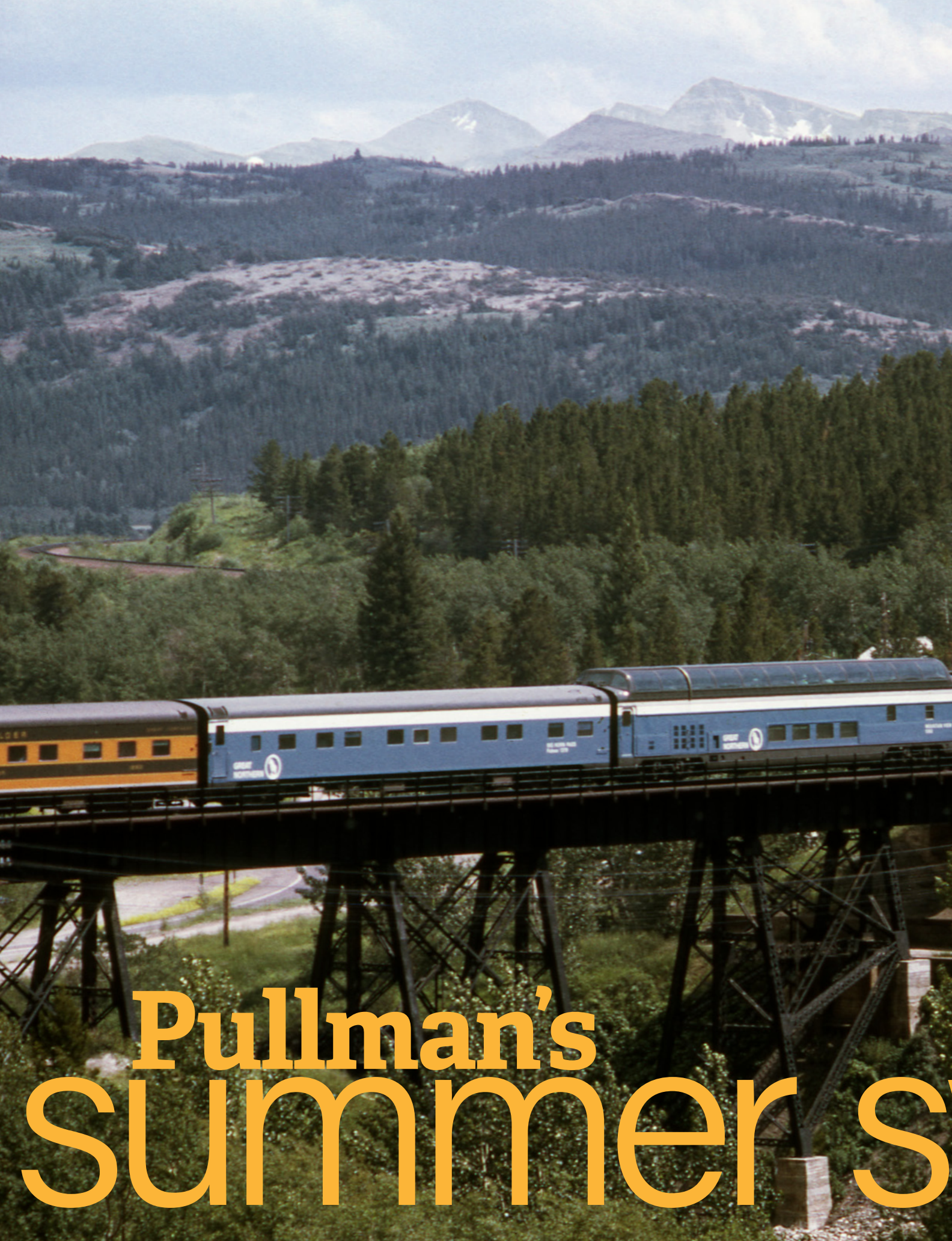
WORN OUT? Not a door substitution but likely just a "wear-off" on U33B 191, one of 10 the road received in 1969, fades the name from "ROC" onward in this left-side portrait at Chicago on June 20, 1976.

Ron Plazzotta



UNREPAINTED HAND-ME-DOWN: Rock Island didn't expend much money or time relabeling former Rio Grande GP7 5113, at Blue Island, Ill., on May 26, 1974, leading U28B 292, a "Rock ISLA" U25B, and a caboose.

Ron Plazzotta



Pullman's Summer S

GN's westbound *Empire Builder* mixes traditional livery and Big Sky blue in a July 1968 view from author Johnston's room at Glacier Park Lodge when he was a tour escort.

A rookie tour escort had a ringside seat for chartered sleeping cars' final season 50 years ago

BY BOB JOHNSTON • Photos by the author



wan song

Cartan's two-week tour of the Canadian Rockies, Pacific Northwest, and Glacier Park began with check-in at Chicago Union Station.



Uh oh . . .

I had made a BIG mistake. Now what?

My “how to” manual said dining car stewards should receive a \$2 tip in cash as a courtesy for accommodating a 36-person tour group at busy mealtimes. But in the nervousness of not wanting to screw up this dream job I was lucky enough to get in the summer of 1968, on my first trip I gave the *Afternoon Hiawatha's* steward \$2 *per person* when writing a voucher for my group's dinners. So I just blew \$72 of the \$200 that was supposed to last through two weeks of luggage-transfer gratuities. No wonder this gentleman with a thick German accent was thrilled to see me when I brought another entourage aboard the *Hi* two weeks later. We joked about “adjusted expectations” on that and four subsequent trips I would make shepherding sightseers on the first leg of a journey from Chicago to Vancouver, B.C., and back by rail, bus, and boat.

ARRANGING LOGISTICS

Cartan Travel Bureau brochures said the company had been in business since

1899, but my familiarity dated from the Chicago–Utah Parks–California–Canadian Rockies–Chicago “Grand Western Rail Circle,” a tour I took with my family in 1960. I became reacquainted after somehow snagging a summer passenger agent gig with the Burlington Route at Chicago Union Station in 1967. Aside from making sure enough red caps were on the platform when Cartan, Four Winds, and other chartered Pullmans arrived on the *Empire Builder*, *California Zephyr*, and

Denver Zephyr, I would inevitably help passengers navigate the mystery of connecting to east- and southbound trains at Dearborn, La Salle Street, Grand Central, and Central stations. Watching me patiently explain Chicago transfer protocol caught the attention of Cartan's Chicago operations manager, who suggested I apply for an escort job — rail, naturally — the following summer. A good thing, too, because the next year CB&Q eliminated the summer passenger agent position.

Cartan assigned me to the 14-day “Canadian Rockies Pacific Northwest Glacier Park Rail Holiday,” one of 10 Western U.S. and Canada rail itineraries the operator offered weekly that summer. Cross-continent rail expeditions had been Cartan's

MILWAUKEE ROAD
TICKET COVER





South of Milwaukee, as his tour group gets acquainted aboard the *Afternoon Hiawatha*, Johnston steals a moment in the Skytop lounge to photograph the Chicago-bound *Morning Hi*.

staple for decades, but the excursions wouldn't have been possible without the Pullman Company's pool of sleeping cars that could go with the flow of demand to augment regularly assigned equipment on the nation's long-distance trains.

By 1968, however, route options had significantly diminished even as the availability of relatively youthful Pullmans increased with service discontinuances. For instance, the Canadian Pacific-Soo Line *Mountaineer* that I had traveled aboard in 1960 from the Rockies through Portal, N.Dak., to St. Paul, Minn., got axed after the 1962 vacation season. CP's secondary transcontinental, the *Dominion*, and its Soo Line *Winnipeg* connection to St. Paul, expired by 1967. Worse, CP not only refused to accept Pullman pool cars on its only remaining cross-country train, the *Canadian*, but it wouldn't let U.S. tour operators hog regular line space on the stainless-steel flagship.

That meant Cartan had to plug in two all-day bus rides to transport guests between the Rockies and Vancouver, B.C. But Great Northern's *Winnipeg Limited* and Canadian National's *Panorama* were available for the St. Paul-Jasper, Alberta, leg. For the eastbound return trip after visits to Vancouver and Victoria, B.C., and Seattle, Great Northern and Pullman figured out a way to coordinate Seattle-Chicago chartered equipment moves to facilitate a two-night stopover at Montana's Glacier National Park.

SPICY VARIETY

How perfect these six circle trips turned out to be! After greeting my new

charges at a tour desk late Saturday morning in the cathedral-like Chicago Union Station concourse (which would fall to the wrecking ball the following year), I walked them down past the *Afternoon Hiawatha*'s Skytop parlor-observation car to our exclusively reserved parlor car just in front of it. The cool, comfortable car with individual swivel chairs and subdued lighting provided the perfect venue for introductions among the three dozen or so guests who would be traveling together for the next two weeks — much better than if they had been sequestered into Pullman rooms at the outset of the journey.

"Be sure to tell them about the dome in front of the dining car," my boss, Cartan Tour Manager Laurie Masters, had advised. Of course! But I also encouraged our guests to visit the Skytop Lounge,



The Super Dome ahead of the *Afternoon Hi*'s diner was a great place for Johnston to get to know the members of his tour party.



Strip steak with all the trimmings makes an enticing dinner aboard the *Hiawatha*'s diner, built in the Milwaukee Road's own shops.

CARTAN'S "CPN" TOUR - SUMMER 1968

Train	No.	Railroad	End points	Miles	Day
Afternoon Hiawatha	3	Milwaukee Road	Chicago-St. Paul	410	1
Winnipeg Limited	7	Great Northern	St. Paul-Winnipeg	504	1 & 2
Panorama	5	Canadian National	Winnipeg-Jasper	1,030	2 & 3
Motor coach between Jasper-Vancouver, B.C., via Lake Louise, Alta., and Kamloops, B.C.					
Bus and ferry from Vancouver to Seattle via Victoria, B.C.					
Empire Builder	32	Great Northern	Seattle-Belton, Mont.	626	10 & 11
Empire Builder	32	Great Northern	Glacier Park-Chicago	1,527	13 & 14
4,097 rail miles					



GN's *Winnipeg Limited* still carried a working Railway Post Office in August 1968, when Johnston made this photo of the car during the St. Paul-Winnipeg train's stop at St. Cloud, Minn.

that sun-drenched alcove at the rear of the train where, at the press of a button, a uniformed attendant would bring a Tom Collins, whiskey sour, or a Pabst Blue Ribbon. Such were the spatial choices passenger trains offered back then. Cartan didn't include alcoholic beverages or the first day's lunch as part of the package (priced "from \$711," the brochure noted), but I also reminded everyone that, as the yellow note on their seat advised, "The Hiawatha diner is open continuously."

The full-length Super Dome ahead of the diner was indeed a great place to chat

people up on the *Afternoon Hi*. I would invite some back to the Skytop, then return to the dome after dinner along the Mississippi River. When you had the luxury of doing the same trip six times, it was natural to develop rituals like this for every segment and share them with tour members to help them get the most from their streamliner experience.

We changed trains — an across-platform transfer from *Hiawatha* to *Winnipeg Limited* — at St. Paul Union Depot because the Milwaukee Road and Great Northern called at different Minneapolis stations. I needed to get everyone off the *Hi*'s parlor car quickly, but had plenty of time to tip the SPUD red caps retrieving our checked luggage from the baggage car, count the bags for the first time, and load them into the assigned sleeping car rooms. The Pullman porters would work our cars through Winnipeg all the way to Jasper.

SP'S LOSS = CARTAN'S GAIN

On my family's 1960 Cartan tour, we were usually assigned to a pre-World War II, ex-Union Pacific lightweight sleeper that wasn't modern enough to hold a regular *City* train assignment. While some of these cars had little window slits for upper-berth passengers — a major plus in my view because the upper was usually my venue — their main drawback was open toilets in bedrooms that folded out from under the sink, rather than being housed in a separate "toilet annex."

What a difference eight years later! The Canadian Rockies tandem operating St. Paul-Jasper and Seattle-Glacier Park-Chicago would invariably rate a spiffy 10-roomette/6-bedroom stainless-steel sleeper built by Budd in 1950 for South-

ern Pacific's *Sunset Limited*, which by then had been downgraded to a coach-only ordeal with an "Automatic Buffet" instead of a diner. The "10 and 6" was usually paired with either of two SP Pullman-Standard smooth-side cars off the railroad's recently discontinued San Francisco-Los Angeles *Lark*: an 11-bedroom Pullman or a 4-bedroom/4-compartment/2-drawing-room car.

They were nomads for hire, but were less than 20 years old at the time (reality check: even Amtrak's 1995-vintage Viewliners are now older, and the first Superliners will be 40 in 2019). The stainless was shiny, there was always enough soap and towels, the plush blankets had Pullman personality, and everything in the rooms always worked — from the fan that only occasionally shuddered, to the doors that seldom rattled. One of the reasons was inherent quality control provided by Pullman's own staff, the porters and Pullman conductors who oversaw maintenance even if a host railroad's mechanical department was providing it. The Pullman Company was just a few months from shutting down, but you wouldn't

PULLMAN
PASSENGER'S
CHECK

THE PULLMAN COMPANY PASSENGER'S CHECK			
To identify accommodations purchased Property taken into car will be entirely at owner's risk			
FORM	B-2-B	774968	
FROM	ST PAUL	ACCOM.	CAR
TO	WINNIPG	M. TRAIN	DATE
TO	JASPER	ACCOM.	CAR
FOR	(4) PSGR(S)	M. TRAIN	DATE
GOV. OR OTHER	TRIPA	RESERVATION	RECORDED
SELLING AGENT		ON NO.	569
Pullman Office No.	7145	Value	\$
(Dated) Valid	15		
Issuing Agent will fill in details below when through trip requires more than one ticket:			
Issued with Pullman Ticket Form	B-2	No.	
Initial Starting Point	Final Destination		
PRINTED IN U.S.A. BY RAND McNALLY			

In a view from the back of the last car, one of the two SP Pullmans assigned to the Cartan tour, the *Winnipeg Limited* stands at Emerson Junction, Man., just north of the U.S. border.



A highlight of the *Winnipeg Limited* ride was waking up beneath a Pullman blanket amid the wheat fields of northern Minnesota.

CARTAN SERVICE ORDER FORMS

Cartan TRAVEL BUREAU, INC.
108 NORTH STATE STREET CHICAGO, ILL. 60602

TOUR SERVICE ORDER

Tour *CPN* No. *2* Day *6/10* Date *6/15*
To *Tac. Milwaukee Road* City *Caracas* State *Via / Man.*

Sightseeing Tour # _____ \$ _____
Transfers (Pass. / Bags) _____ \$ _____
Twins _____ \$ _____
Singles _____ \$ _____
Triples _____ \$ _____
Breakfasts _____ \$ _____
Luncheons _____ \$ _____
Dinners _____ \$ _____

30 Tax (3%) \$ *131.25*
B 27776 *15.70 Granny* \$ *5.96*
Robert Johnson *20.29* \$ *155.49*

QUADRUPPLICATE ESCORT
To be left in book

have guessed it, based on the commitment to service everyone exhibited.

At the time, there were enough experienced rail travelers in each tour group who knew what to expect and how everything in the rooms worked, but I made it a point at St. Paul to help the uninitiated understand the advantages and pitfalls of spending the night in a Pullman. The little compartment is for shoes, which the

porter will shine; don't put your wallet in there! Don't rest anything on the fold-down sink or it may fall to the tracks when you dump the water. Remember to zip up the roomette curtain before sliding the door shut so you won't have to do it during the night if you have to raise the bed to use the toilet. The fan speed has several settings, some less noisy. Flipping the toggle on for the blue night light is

fine, but keep the window open so you can enjoy the stars and sunrise from a vantage point like no other on Earth.

If I determined through earlier conversations that enough guests didn't need this "Pullman training," there might be time before the *Winnipeg Limited's* 8:30 p.m. departure from St. Paul for me to witness the combined *Afternoon Zephyr-Empire Builder-North Coast Limited*

Three SP sleepers bring up the rear of CN's westbound *Panorama*, preparing to depart Winnipeg in July 1968. The tour groups had breakfast and dinner at the nearby Fort Garry Hotel, with sightseeing in between.



CANADIAN NATIONAL PASS



CN added a rebuilt heavyweight sleeper-lounge car when tours rode the *Panorama*.

backing in off the Burlington from Chicago, or a late Rock Island *Plainsman* arriving from Kansas City.

UNFORGETTABLE HIGHLIGHTS

My Cartan boss always expected an initial assessment of any issues on the tour when she got into the office Monday morning. In 1968, that meant sending a telegram, which I would give to the *Winnipeg Limited's* conductor to drop off at

Fargo, N.Dak., or to the CN agent at Winnipeg. This was my first experience "working" in a roomette and using one of those Western Union pads; I thought it was kind of cool at the time. The first trip's issue was who would watch the bags on the cars during the day at Winnipeg if the Pullman porters were off duty while we had a city tour bookended by breakfast and dinner at the Fort Garry Hotel. I solved this by getting a Winnipeg red cap

to do the honors and bill the company (I conveniently neglected to tell my boss about my over-tip *faux pas* with the Milwaukee Road steward).

The most memorable part of the *Winnipeg Limited*, though, was waking up between the sheets to a sunrise in northern Minnesota, then getting an extended whiff of fresh air from an open Dutch door during the half-hour allotted for three customs stops between Noyes, Minn., and Emerson Junction, Manitoba. Urging everyone to sleep in became one of my recurring travel tips.

The *Panorama's* tenure in Canadian passenger train lore was rather brief, essentially taking the place of the *Continental* before CN dropped its secondary transcontinental in 1969. But after several trips, I grew to appreciate the eclectic assemblage of heavyweight equipment CN trotted out to provide extra space for tour patrons riding the chartered Pullmans. Especially noteworthy was the creatively rehabbed sleeper-lounge car, whose clere-story roof was cleverly masked by a false ceiling. The only whiners I had all summer were a somehow-related group of



The *Panorama* hugs the Athabasca River as it approaches Jasper, where the Cartan tours switched to bus transportation for a week.



The bus ride west of Lake Louise included a stop at the viewing area for CP's lower Spiral Tunnel, where Johnston caught a freight one day.

three New Jersey couples on the third trip who said they wanted a refund because there was no dome car on the *Panorama*. They would write to Cartan, as I warned Laurie via telegram from the Chateau Lake Louise, so that we could "exert pressure on the railroads." My note concluded, "HAH!" and guessed that they might, "come around, but it better not rain tomorrow." Their consternation reinforced my determination to talk up the *Panorama*'s other virtues on subsequent trips.

The long bus rides west of Jasper, as



The tours rode CP ferry *Princess Marguerite II* from Vancouver Island to Seattle, where they boarded the *Empire Builder*.

Canadian Pacific RY. CO. STEAMSHIP LINE (British Columbia Coast Service)	
IN STATEROOM NO. <u>110</u>	2-50
On S.S. <u>SS "PRINCESS MARGUERITE"</u>	3-00
(British Registry)	3-50
From <u>VICTORIA, B. C.</u>	4-00
To <u>SEATTLE, WASH.</u>	5-00
Date <u>Sept 1/68</u> Local Time <u>5:30 PM</u>	6-00
PASSENGER TO RETAIN THIS PORTION OF TICKET	
NOT GOOD FOR PASSAGE	
This portion has NO VALUE. To identify accommodation only.	
NOT TRANSFERABLE	
Form B.C.S. 1625 No. <u>1978</u>	1-00

FERRY TICKET



On the first leg of its 1,784-mile run, GN's *Empire Builder* meets a *Vancouver-Seattle International* near Edmonds, Wash.



GREAT
NORTHERN
SYSTEM
TIMETABLE

well as schlepping by bus and boat from Vancouver to Victoria and on to Seattle, did offer occasional free time in the West Coast cities to explore new territory. Two nights and a relatively light sightseeing schedule in cosmopolitan Vancouver were particularly enjoyable, but after staying at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, there was the Olympic in Seattle, an obligatory lunch at the just-opened Space Needle followed by the transfer to King Street Station and a rendezvous with the *Empire*

Builder. Everybody complains about Pacific Northwest rain, but on every trip it was sunny when we glided along Puget Sound up to Everett, Wash., and then ducked up the hill at dinnertime into the Cascades and the long tunnel.

Our Cartan chartered Pullmans out of Seattle — SP cars again — always seemed to be joined by those from other tour groups making the same pilgrimage to Glacier, but I admired how the dining-car steward and his staff deftly handled the



In the *Builder's* diner, white tablecloths and silver pitchers glisten in the afternoon sun.



Lighter fare in a more casual setting is on offer in the train's "G-N Ranch" lounge car.

EMPIRE BUILDER MENU



The westbound *Empire Builder* comes in off the high plains for its stop at Glacier Park (below). Departure from here on the eastbound *Builder* occurred on the next-to-last day of each tour.



crowds. Yet after the hubbub calmed down and I had a chance to check with everyone in their rooms to explain that we would be arriving early the next morning to get off at Belton, Mont. — preparing them for the only worrisome “quick exit” required during the entire two weeks — the rear vestibule beckoned. Here was unforgettable solitude watching the sunset fade as twisting, receding tracks were illuminated by the rotating Mars light affixed to the rear safety gate. This was a time worth soaking in.



ALWAYS LOOKING FORWARD

That experience was almost matched by the biggest guilty pleasure of all: the free afternoon two days later at Glacier Park Lodge. While the group opted for horseback riding, hiking, lawn games, or just relaxing before assembling for the “farewell cocktail party hosted by your Tour Manager” promised in the brochure, every trip provided me an opportunity to find a different vantage point from which to capture the passage of the westbound *Empire Builder* at 3:25 p.m. and the eastbound *Western Star* at 5:10 p.m. What will it be today? Camping out east of the station or under the bridge for the *Builder*? Experiencing the bustle of train time on a bench, or watching a streamliner from the comfort of that Glacier Park Lodge balcony room I was able to arrange after the first visit? Like a kid in a candy store, each trip through Glacier offered wonderful choices.

Similar options awaited on the trip back to Chicago. I might encourage members of our group to walk up to one

of the smaller coach domes for better forward visibility. This was mandatory on one trip when a round-end observation subbed for the Great Dome, but the tail car also offered a perspective that was rapidly disappearing from the passenger scene. Then there was always the rustic Ranch Car and Indian-motif of the lounge in the lower level of the Great Dome. Toward the end of the day was a fitting scenic nightcap: the *Builder*’s trek across the towering Gassman Coulee viaduct west of Minot, N.Dak. It still stirs memories today.

Come to think of it, these repeat iterations aboard chartered Pullmans always offered something to look forward to. Out of the Twin Cities, our train hugged the east side of the Mississippi River on Burlington rails for more than 300 miles all the way to Savanna, Ill., with the morning sun illuminating scenery just as the late afternoon sun had done north of La Crosse from the *Afternoon Hiawatha* nearly two weeks earlier.

Rolling into Chicago on Friday afternoon, most of our guests had other trains to catch to their final destinations, their vacation over. For me it meant a taxi ride to the Cartan office on State Street, turning in an expense report, and giving Laurie Masters a thorough debriefing of the just-completed adventure. Then home to Arlington Heights, Ill., on a Chicago & North Western rush hour express. And guess what? The next day I got to ride the *Hiawatha* parlor and those chartered Pullmans all over again! 📷

BOB JOHNSTON (right, at Glacier Park in July 1968) has reported on rail travel for *TRAINS* since 1991. Retired from a career in broadcast advertising sales, he lives in Chicago with his wife Sheryl. This is Bob’s third byline in a *CLASSIC TRAINS* publication.



Off-the-job training

Railfan jaunts contributed to my development as a railroader

BY CHRIS BURGER • Photos by the author

Does being a railfan help in a railroad career? I was asked that question many times during my career. Sometimes, I thought the question should be, “Does being a railroader help if you’re a railfan?” Jim Zito, the tough-as-nails Chicago & North Western vice president of operations may have answered both questions best while discussing the railroad’s steam program and its target audience during a staff meeting when he said, “There’s a little bit of railfan in all of us,” which I guess is a corollary to “railroading gets in the blood.” That said, some of the best people I worked with on the railroad were fans, as were some of the not-so-good. I don’t think it was ever a secret that I was a railfan, but I always felt this meant that I knew a railroad was supposed to run safely, on-time, and profitably — and my job was to make mine run that way.

Before I hired out on the New York Central, and during my school years when I had summer jobs there, I spent weekends, holidays, and other breaks around the railroad and railroaders, and I think this was a big factor in developing my approach to manag-

ing the business later on. Sometimes this involved train rides, especially after I’d acquired a pass; sometimes it was a car trip; and sometimes it just meant hanging out close to home. Sometimes my purpose was to take photographs, sometimes just to learn something new, but my ventures usually turned out to include both. Sadly, I have almost no photos from the trip with the most potential — to the West Coast when I was furloughed from the railroad in 1959 — because the hand-me-down Argus C-3 that I was using developed a light leak. On another trip, to photograph Canadian Pacific steam in New Brunswick in March 1960, I tried to take 8mm movies, slides, *and* black-and-white photos — and didn’t do very well with any.

Speaking of Canada, going through high school and college with a railroad career in mind, and knowing of the state of U.S. roads, I thought I might have to go to Canada for a job. So, I took a lot of French courses and became fairly proficient. About the only time it helped on the job was much later, comically in a way, with Canadian National crews operating from Montreal to St. Albans, Vt., on the Central Vermont who at first didn’t

Central Vermont GP9s bring a southbound freight past the old ball signal at Bellows Falls, Vt., in 1962. I never dreamed that three decades later I’d be CV’s general manager.





Virginia Blue Ridge No. 9, a former Army 0-6-0, takes water (from a tank mostly hidden behind the engine) at Tye River, Va., in April 1961. The 16-mile line was all-steam until 1963.



PRR E7 5900 — one half of the big road's first passenger diesel (an E7 A-A pair) — carried me from Buffalo to Harrisburg at the head of the *Baltimore Day Express* in April 1962.





At Jamaica station, hub of the Long Island Rail Road, two electric M.U. consists flank an RS3 diesel on a train headed west in August 1961.

know I understood what they were saying to each other. After I replied in French, there was total silence.

Back to the 1960 CP trip, which I took with my college friend Jim McMahon. We found friendly railroaders and plenty of steam, including a Ten-Wheeler on the St. Stephen way freight; 4-4-4 No. 2929 on the St. Andrews job, which we rode; a Pacific on a plow extra; plus 2-8-0s and 0-8-0s working in the yard. It was quite a show, and those friendly crews even spotted a caboose for us to spend the night in.

SEARCHING FOR STEAM

My first automobile photo trip, also with Jim, was in 1961, looking for steam in Virginia and West Virginia. We found it on the Virginia Blue Ridge, Buffalo Creek & Gauley, Elk River Coal & Lumber, and Ely-Thomas Lumber. The BC&G train arrived in Dundon at about the same time we did, and after putting the train away, the crew told us they wouldn't be running the next day. We did get some nice photos of 2-8-0s 13 and 14 resting side by side the next day, but the real consolation prize was Mack railbus "A" being used by a

track crew. Elk River Coal & Lumber Shay No. 19 put in an appearance too, leaving town over BC&G trackage rights. A nice sequel in 1967 when I was New York Central trainmaster in Newberry Junction, Pa., was when I came across the Mack railbus in Milton, Pa., where it operated for a time before going to the Strasburg Rail Road. We didn't ignore the Class I roads on the 1961 trip, either, spending time around Harrisburg with PRR electric power and at Roanoke where we found some former Virginian electrics and FM diesels in the yard.

One of the trips with no fixed itinerary took me to Albany where across the platform from the NYC train I arrived on was Delaware & Hudson's northbound *Laurentian*. I walked over, introduced myself to the engineer, and asked if I could ride along. The answer was affirmative, and I had a great ride using the head brakeman's seat ahead of the fireman on the Alco RS2 all the way. The *Laurentian's* route, up the Hudson from New York, then to Montreal with miles and miles along Lake Champlain, had to be one of the most scenic in the East. I envied the engine crews who had the best views of all.

Another such trip took me on the NYC as

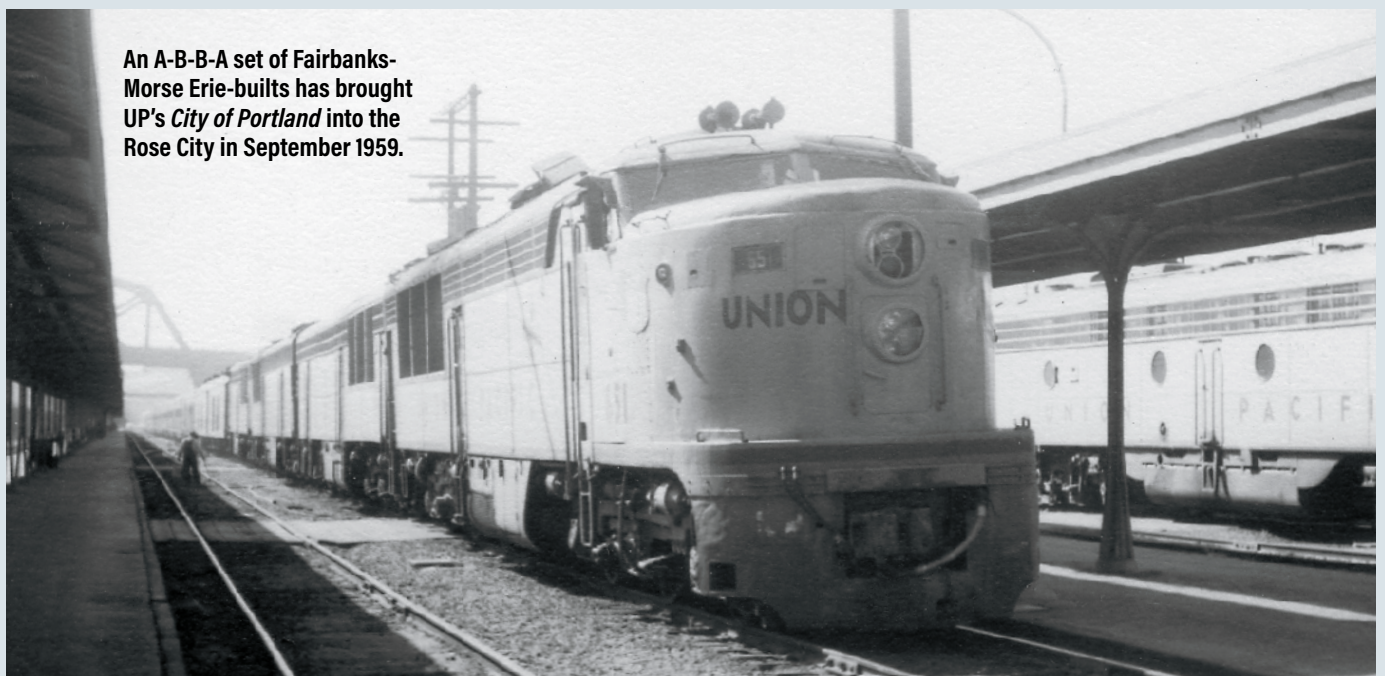
I had a great ride using the head brakeman's seat ahead of the fireman on the RS2 all the way up the D&H.



An August 1963 cab ride on Delaware & Hudson's *Laurentian* included miles and miles along the shore of Lake Champlain; here, RS2s on the southbound *Laurentian* stand at Whitehall, N.Y.



Lehigh & New England Alco FAs pass MQ Tower at Campbell Hall, N.Y., when nearby Maybrook Yard was still an important freight gateway. L&NE ceased operations in October 1961.



An A-B-B-A set of Fairbanks-Morse Erie-built has brought UP's *City of Portland* into the Rose City in September 1959.

At Dundon, W.Va., operational headquarters of coal-hauling Buffalo Creek & Gauley, 2-8-0s 13 and 14 enjoy a day off while a track crew is out with Mack railbus "A." BC&G quit four years after Burger's April 1961 visit.



far as Buffalo, where I saw the Pennsylvania's *Baltimore Day Express* to Harrisburg loading passengers on a nearby track. I knew its route was scenic, and once again the engineer was receptive, so off I went to Harrisburg. I was later to learn that our power, E7 No. 5900, was the first passenger diesel delivered to the PRR.

BUNKING AT THE YMCA

Lodging for train and engine crews away from home has come a long way from the days when they curled up in their caboose or, in the case of enginemen, were pretty much on their own. So was I on most of my ventures, but in Harrisburg, as well as many other places, I stayed at one of the numerous railroad YMCAs. These were established in the early 1900s to improve conditions for, and morality of, railroaders. The rooms were small and the walls were thin. Today's lodging is mostly lo-

I've often thought I'd prefer the sounds of the railroad to the snoring that I recall in YMCAs and bunkhouses.

cated away from the property and its noises, but I've often thought I'd prefer the sounds of the railroad to the snoring that I recall in those Ys and railroad bunkhouses.

Trips closer to home took me to places like Maybrook, N.Y., via the high bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie; PRR's Horseshoe Curve and Altoona; the Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal with its 0-6-0T switchers and carfloat operation; Jamaica on the Long Island; the PRR's Sunnyside Yard, where I loved to watch the little B1 electric switchers bob and weave their way around, and of course the New Haven's electrified "West End" from New Haven to Grand Central and to Washington, D.C., via the Hell Gate Bridge and Penn Station, to name a few. I had an "in" of sorts on the West End and another chance for a career in engine service when Road Foreman of Engines Danny Gallagher called to say he was hiring and



Shay No. 3 of Ely-Thomas Lumber, another West Virginia steam hold-out, works in the company's yard at Fenwick in April 1961.



New York City switching road Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal operated a fleet of five 0-6-0 tank engines until the end of 1963.

asked if I was interested. I thought long and hard before saying "yes," went up to New Haven for a class, took a few student trips, and perhaps most importantly made some friends and contacts. But once again, I opted out to finish up my education.

Finally — what's my answer to the railfan/railroader questions? For me, and due at least in part to all the experiences, perspective, and people I've talked about and a bunch of others, I think the answers are "yes." The key to it all is perspective, though. I never forgot "I had a railroad to run." 📷



CHRIS BURGER, retired since 1998 from a career with NYC, New Haven, Chicago & North Western, Central Vermont, and Central of Indiana, lives with his wife Rita in north-central Indiana. This is the sixth entry in his "Best of Everything" retrospective series.



Near the end of an August 1963 day, NH Fairbanks-Morse H16-44s venture out onto the Poughkeepsie Bridge with a freight to Maybrook.

My best train ride

Winding track and distinct exhaust made a trip on the *Coast Daylight* one to remember



A GS 4-8-4 departs Santa Barbara with SP's *Coast Daylight* for San Francisco. Ahead 120 miles: the twisting climb up Santa Margarita Hill.

Linn H. Westcott

When I was a kid growing up in the San Francisco Bay Area, my family trekked to Santa Barbara to visit my paternal grandfather almost every summer. Grandpa lived on Pueblo Street, one block from the Southern Pacific's Coast Line. U.S. Highway 101 was the cross street, which was a nuisance because I wasn't allowed to cross it. This undoubtedly saved me from risking life and limb to watch the Los Angeles- and Bay Area-bound trains pass by, but it was at great inconvenience to my younger self.

Grandpa, from time to time, could be cajoled into going with me over to the tracks and watching trains for a while. Subsequently, I learned to put two crossed pins on the rail, glue them down with a

little spit, and wait for a train to weld them together. I don't remember that it worked very often. We also put the occasional penny on the rail and were fascinated by the distortion produced when the train ran over it. But Grandpa was seldom willing to sit still for more than one or two trains, hardly enough to satisfy a full-fledged steam addict at the age of 7 or 8. However, I *could* sit on the railing of Grandpa's porch and read, listening all the time for approaching trains, which were audible for quite a while before they came into view. I got so that I could tell, usually, what was coming.

"Cab-in-fronts," as I called them for many years, were obvious not only because of the whistling air-pump exhausts, which always screamed *TSSEuuw*, *TSSEuuw*, *TSSEuuw*, in a random pattern, but for their majestic *ChuDUH-ChuDUHChuDUH* exhaust.

The exhaust reflected the fact that they usually proceeded with one engine's drivers only slightly leading the other, so the exhausts seemed to nearly overlap. I do remember seeing an occasional 4-8-8-2 with the drivers totally out of synch on the two engines, but that was rare.

My favorite of all the *Daylight* 4-8-4s was No. 4459, with 4458 running a close second.



Author Coolidge's favorite — GS-5 4459 — stands at San Francisco with the first section of the *Coast Daylight* on December 31, 1949.

John C. Illman

Most other locomotives sounded off with more even exhausts, and so were indistinguishable until they came into sight. Except for the *Daylights*. They all seemed to have a slightly irregular exhaust pattern, which I know now as "out of square," meaning that the valve timing is just a little off. I didn't know it then, though, and simply took it as an interesting idiosyncrasy. But because of it I always knew when it was the *Daylight* coming because it always had one of those glorious 4-8-4s on the point, and they all had that slightly irregular exhaust. My favorite was No. 4459, with 4458 running a close second. These were the two members of the GS-5 class, the only *Daylight* 4-8-4s with roller bearings. They were usually the engines assigned in those days, although there were others now and then. I suppose they needed servicing some days, but my memory paints them always on the front end.

Time passed and after a while I was quite familiar with that particular stretch of track. With my family, I had ridden the *Coast Daylight* down to Santa Barbara several times, and sometimes beyond to Los Angeles. We had driven from Richmond to Santa Barbara more times than we had ridden the train, and I remember stopping, one gloriously hot July day, to admire the 2-10-2 helpers at Santa Margarita and bask in the smell of steam, hot valve oil, and burning fuel oil for a few minutes. My dad wasn't a real steam fan, but he had his moments.

But the best day came the summer I turned 14 — about six months before the

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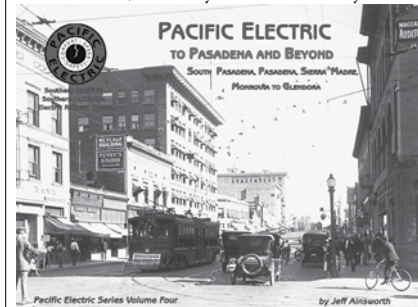
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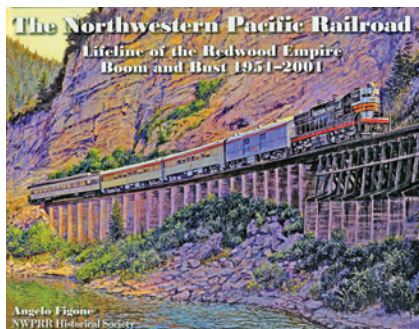
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The Way It Was



A veteran 2-10-2, not a new four-unit diesel as on the day Coolidge rode the train, helps the Daylight's 4-8-4 ascend Santa Margarita Hill (a.k.a. Cuesta Grade) above San Luis Obispo.

Linn H. Westcott

SP took the steam engines off the *Daylights*. I spent a couple of weeks at my grandfather's house while my mother visited her parents in Ontario, about 40 miles east of downtown L.A. When it came time to return home, Mom caught the *Coast Daylight* at Union Station, and I, wonder of wonders, joined her at Santa Barbara. This unprecedented arrangement caused great excitement and some trepidation, but it worked out. Mom really was on the train, and, once I found her, life became bearable again.

I settled down for six hours or so of bliss as the train climbed out of Santa Barbara, passed Pueblo Street, and started up toward San Luis Obispo. By the time we reached that point, it was lunch time, so to the diner we went. In those days, a Southern Pacific dining car was still a good place to eat. By then, of course, we were into the mountains, and the road-bed more and more resembled the track of a giant snake. Whoever surveyed that line obviously preferred curves to tunnels, which was fine with me, because it let me see more of the locomotives.

Lunch was good, but still no competition to the show outside the dining-car windows. I faced forward, and every 5 or 10 seconds, the engines would swing out and then gently back, first to the right,

then to the left, then the right, then the left. Thanks to the curvature over Santa Margarita Hill, I got a good, right-angle view of the 4-8-4 on the front end, and with a little concentration, I could ignore the A-B-B-A Black Widow-painted F-unit helper ahead of it.

For more than an hour, we enjoyed lunch, one another's company, and life, and I, at least, enjoyed watching the state-

I enjoyed watching the 4-8-4's stately dance ahead of us — first to the left, then to the right, then left, then right...

ly dance ahead of us — first to the left, then to the right, then left, then right. I probably didn't finish a sentence at lunch that day, or hear much of my mother's conversation. Eventually, of course, there was no good reason to prolong our stay in the diner, and they needed the table, so we gathered ourselves up and returned to our coach seats, where the view, while still good, wasn't as exciting as it had been in the dining car.

After lunch there was not much to do for the next few hours but sit back in the reclining seat, watch the exhaust streaming back outside, and think about that inimitable locomotive saraband: swinging right, swinging left. The views of the coast and the occasional passing train, sometimes steam-powered, were great, but always in the back of my mind was the moving picture of the most beautiful engine in the world swinging right, then left, then right, then left again.

— Fletcher Coolidge

Oak Hill, population 16

Recollections of serving as the Santa Fe agent at a sleepy Kansas town

Fifty years ago, after closing the Santa Fe's agency and depot at Alden, Kans., I took a week of vacation in California, using train 23, the *Grand Canyon*, as my conveyance. Upon my return I was to begin working the agency at Oak Hill, Kans., located in the timeworn depot 25.6 miles north of Abilene on the Santa Fe's line from Strong City to Superior, Nebr. Oak Hill was a booming metropolis with a population of 16 souls.

How does one arrive in Oak Hill from California in 1968? On Friday I flew back to Wichita and boarded train 16, the *Texas Chief*, bound for Newton. There I transferred to train 23 and arrived in St. John to pick up my car, which I had left a week earlier. Upon my arrival from sunny California I had discovered that Old Man Winter had vandalized my car with one of his typical January snow storms. I stayed at a local hotel that would never be confused, even in remote Kansas with the Waldorf Astoria. The room was drafty and cold, and the fire escape was a rope!

The next morning, I braved the 19-degree Kansas deep freeze, got in my car, and started off to my new assignment. I stopped to visit with a dispatcher I had befriended while working as an operator in Guthrie, Okla., one Percy Vaughn. Later that afternoon I resumed my trek, amid the wind blowing off the North Pole through Canada, the Dakotas, and Nebraska. The farther I drove, the colder it became. It was getting dark, so I pulled in to a nice motel on the north side of Salina. It was so cold that night I could not walk across the floor barefoot!

Sunday, I awoke early, had a nice breakfast at a local café, and was off to my destination. Now, Oak Hill is about midway between Strong City and Superior. I located Oak Hill, on a road map at least, between Longford and Miltonvale. I left Miltonvale with a keen eye peeled for Oak Hill and the next thing I knew I

was in Longford! So, I back-tracked, even more intently trying to determine how I had missed Oak Hill. No luck this time, either, as I found myself back in Miltonvale. So, hoping not to embarrass myself in front of any farm animals, I retraced my path once more. About halfway between the two towns I looked into a grove of trees and saw an old wooden grain elevator headhouse. Could this be the elusive Oak Hill? I headed down a typical Kansas country road and, at last... the majestic burg of Oak Hill.

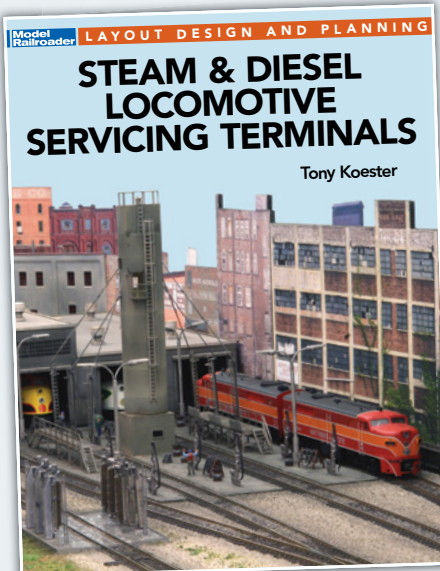
I arrived in time to catch the last day of the "going out of business sale" for the

only grocery story in town. There was no post office; it had closed the previous year. There was a small elevator, a dozen or so houses, a church, the remains of a school, a lonely filling station, and, of course, the depot.

There, at the foot of

Why did the Santa Fe have an agent in an out-of-the-way place like tiny Oak Hill?

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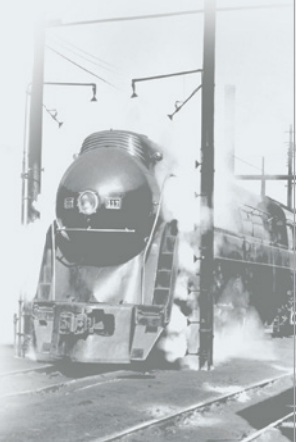


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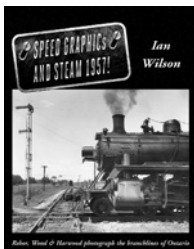
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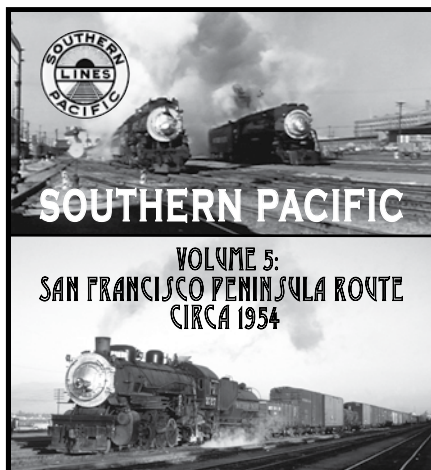
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In 1968, Santa Fe's depot in the tiny Kansas town of Oak Hill was lacking in paint—and business.

Philip L. Moseley

Main Street, sat my new assignment: yet another agency in my lengthening list of Santa Fe towns, forgotten by everyone but the railroad's tax accountant. The depot was a typical small Santa Fe branch-line frame job that looked as if it had not been painted since William Barstow Strong was president of the railroad. I got out of my car amid the freezing wind and walked in to the depot.

These few-and-far between small agencies were not train-order offices. They did not have a telegraph or railroad phone. They did have a city phone. The Longford agency served as the Oak Hill relay office. Mr. Wolfenburger, the Longford agent, had a telegraph wire in his office. Several of the seasonal grain agencies in Kansas were such jobs, among them Wells, Ash Grove, and Denmark.

Survival story

Why did the Santa Fe have an agent in an out-of-the way place like Oak Hill, with no communication and little business? Well, Mr. C. E. Barrett, the retiring agent, had been employed there since 1935. His brother was a big deal in the Kansas Corporation Commission, a regulatory agency. Agent Barrett was also well connected with the Kansas Democratic Party and had friends behind the right doors at the Capitol in Topeka. Every time the Santa Fe tried to close the Oak Hill agency, the application was denied.

Entering the depot was like walking into a freezer. The wind whistled and howled through the windows. The old coal stove, as cold as an iceberg, would turn out to be a disaster and wasted effort. I did not get the kindling fired up sufficiently to ignite the coal, which I over-stoked.

This smothered what fire had started.

So, I meandered to the elevator to introduce myself to the only Santa Fe patron in Oak Hill, Leonard Kuhlman, the owner. He was decked out in overalls, not a business suit. We exchanged pleasantries and visited for a time. I could not help noticing the expensive, cabinet-model Zenith television in his office. He told me how he came to possess it.

A few years earlier, when he was the manager of an elevator along the Rock Island's Golden State Route, a freight train derailed at the edge of town near his elevator. A piggyback trailer loaded with merchandise was involved and its contents had spilled on the ground. Scattered in the carnage was this lovely color television set. Kuhlman made a "midnight requisition" in broad daylight before anyone else arrived.

Since I had clearly gained his trust, I asked if he could help ignite the coal stove in the depot. Agreeing, he donned his heavy coat and we braved the cold to the depot. Kuhlman examined the stove and provided a quick tutorial. He confirmed my suspicion that I had put too much coal on the fire, but all was not lost. He asked me to get some kerosene in the tool house. He took the cover off the stove top and poured *all* of the kerosene into the stove.

He then asked me, "You got any of them there railroad flares?" I located one. He said, "stand back," struck the fusee, kicked open the stove door, and tossed it in the pyro cocktail. *WHOOOMMMM!* Fire shot everywhere. I am still surprised we didn't burn down the depot. That cast-iron, pot-belly antique looked like a rocket heading into orbit. It shook so bad that it

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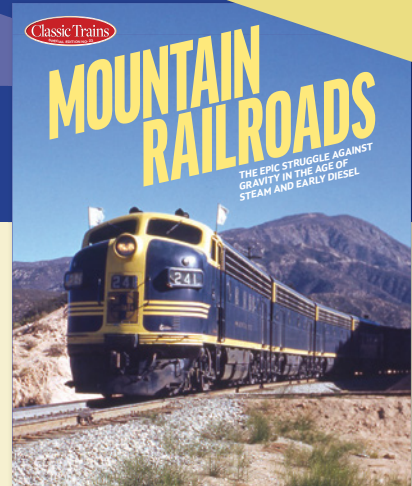
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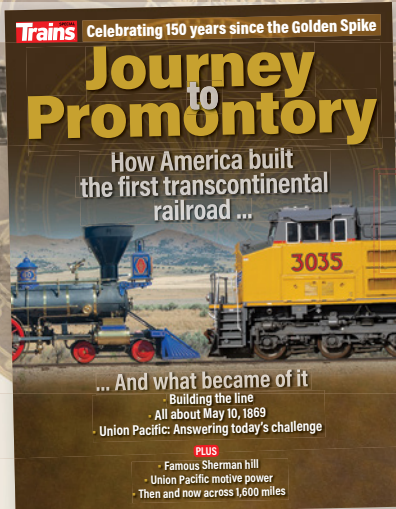
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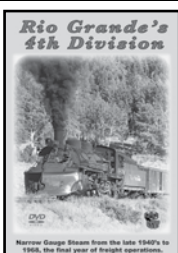


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shifted the stovepipe, bringing years of soot down into the depot. What a mess! However, the stove was soon cherry red, and Kuhlman showed me how to bank the fire so I could keep it going.

Curtains for Oak Hill

I had the honor of being the resident agent at Oak Hill for all of six weeks. During that time, I billed one carload of wheat. That, and a stock tank that arrived LCL for Kuhlman, was the extent of business for the depot. The Santa Fe, now realizing that C. E. Barrett had retired, knew it could safely close the Oak Hill agency and filed an application with the state for permission. A date was set for the hearing in Oak Hill — at my depot. I notified Kuhlman and gave him written notice of the intent and hearing date.

That day was the first time I met his eminence, General Counsel Ross Gatewood, the Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Santa Fe legal department in Topeka. Gatewood was accompanied by a few railroad and Kansas Corporation Commission officials in the depot for the hearing.

Unless you have been present for a depot closure hearing, and I have been present for three, you might wonder from where these officials descended. They have a way of arranging facts and interpreting the truth in a manner that would make a used-car salesman blush. After a few hours of rather interesting comment and at times amusing testimony, the hearing came to an end. It was at this point that the railroad representatives told the commissioners of the dinner reservations made for the party. These reservations were likely somewhere outside Oak Hill.

I looked at Kuhlman and said, "Well, there went your depot." Sure enough, 30 days later the Oak Hill agency was no more. I had bid on the agency at Chase, Kans., and didn't even get to attend the funeral. — Philip L. Moseley

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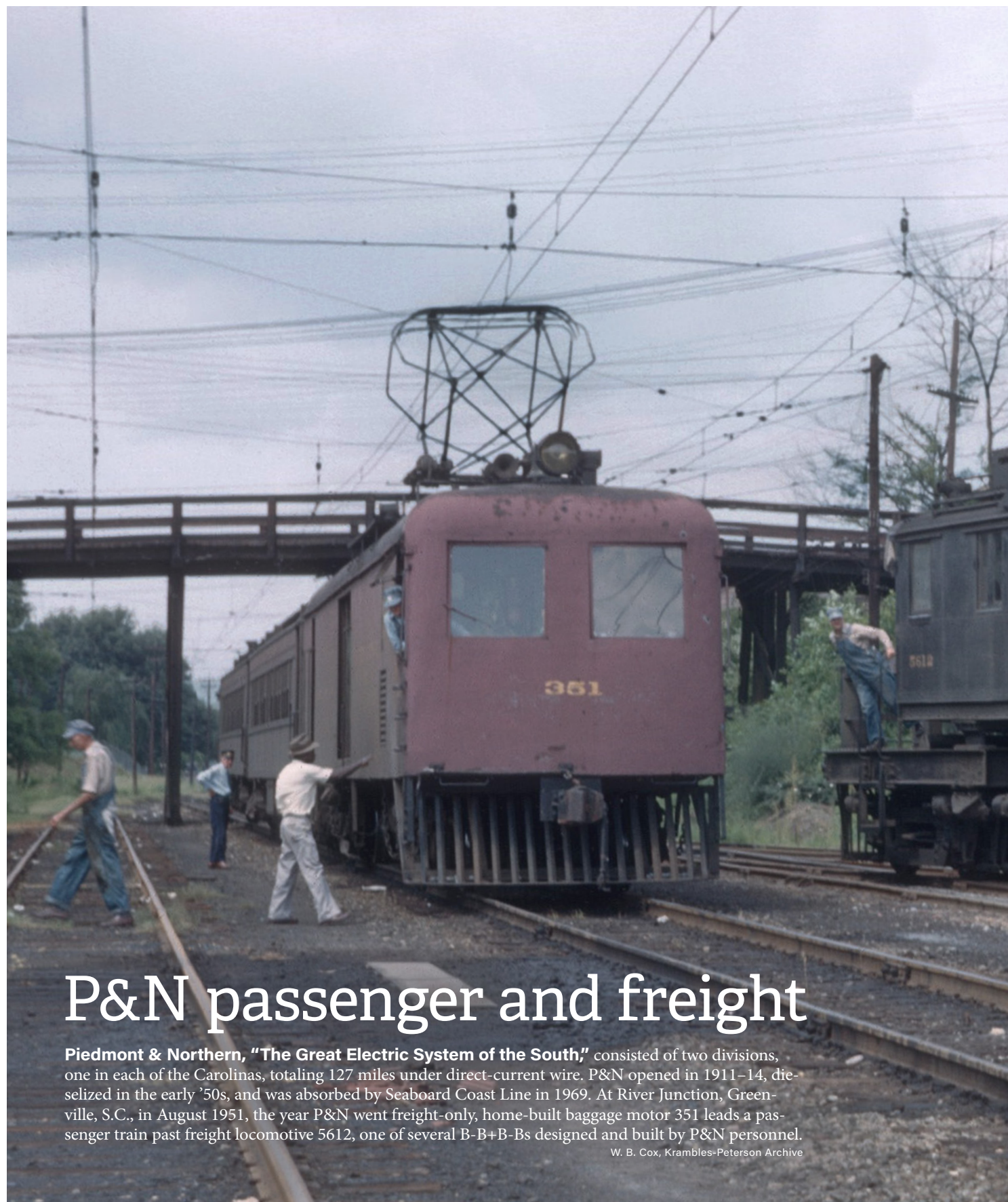
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W. B. Cox, Krambles-Peterson Archive



Vintage E units shine again

Rock Island family ties inspire a restoration project in Iowa

BY DAN SABIN



Rock Island E6 630 and E8 652, based at the Manly Junction (Iowa) Railroad Museum, glisten in the old Chicago Great Western yard at Oelwein, Iowa, during Railroad Days in August 2017. The event was the locomotives' first public appearance since their return to RI's mid-1960s livery.

Jeff Terry

My father, the late Art Sabin, was left at birth in 1914 at a hospital in St. Paul, Minn. Chris and Emma Sabin unofficially adopted him as an infant. Chris died when Art was 8, and a subsequent stepfather with a violent disposition sent Art out on his own. Dropping out of grade school, he spent most of his time living with kind-hearted train crews in the Northern Pacific yard at Detroit Lakes, Minn., sleeping in cabooses and eating what the men would share with him. His love for railroading was all he had.

Art met my mother, Eliza Rake, in the 1920s at a barn dance; they married and had six children over 20 years. The Depression kept Art from his desire to be a railroader, so he worked various jobs to feed his family. Finally, during World War II, the Rock Island needed men, so he hired out as a hostler-fireman at Manly, Iowa, in 1944. I was the youngest, born in Mason City, Iowa, in October 1952, 100 years after the first Rock Island train ran.

Art became familiar with Rock Island steam power. By 1944, however, the road had a fairly large stable of diesels. EMD E6As 627–631 arrived in 1940–41 and became part of the pool for the *Twin Star Rocket*, *Zephyr-Rocket*, and *Mid-Continent Special* through Manly. E8As 643–656 ar-

rived during 1949–52, and typically at least one would be in the three-unit consist on the *Twin Star Rocket*. Nos. 647–652 and 654 were regulars on this train for two decades. The *Zephyr-Rocket* was usually covered by an E3, E6, or E7, alternating every day with a CB&Q E unit on the joint Minneapolis–St. Louis service.

Despite his lack of education, Art worked to become technically competent on diesels, and spent much of the 1950s and early '60s firing passenger trains out of Manly. (He was friends with the division road foreman, and was told he'd be up for promotion to road foreman, only to be disappointed when he was turned down by more senior management because he was not a Mason.)

A TODDLER TAKES TO TRAINS

Growing up in Manly a block from the RI, Minneapolis & St. Louis, and Chicago Great Western main lines, I was captivated by trains. As soon as I could stand up, I stood in the living room window to watch the action. Later I would walk with Art to the depot when he was going out on the *Twin Star Rocket*, then find my way home by myself after he departed for Minneapolis. The Manly depot was an amazing place to me, as a joint agency-telegraph

train order station for three railroads (plus three separate dispatchers on the Rock Island side). There was a small bullpen where the engine crews would review general orders and bulletins and receive their train orders from the operator on duty. I would hang with my dad in this tiny room until he was ready to walk down to the fueling station for the crew change.

My dad was superstitious and always asked the operator what the engine consist on his train would be, with special interest in the lead unit. If E8 652 was on the point, he was not pleased. It didn't take me long to realize that he thought the 652, with numbers adding up to 13, was a "jinxed" unit, and if there would be an incident, especially a crossing accident, the 652 would be the lead unit. (Ironically, our next-door neighbor was killed at Manly in 1966 on the 647 when an ice storm knocked out the signal system and the *Twin Star* went through an improperly lined switch and struck the rear of a freight train parked in the yard.)

If an E3 or E6 were on the lead, Dad would say, "That's good luck!" Those older Es did not have a nose door, so a crossing accident would be safer for the engine crew. The 630 and her sisters were therefore his favorites, although they required



E6 630, seen on a suburban run with leased Amtrak cars, got a special livery with a gold nose as part of EMD's 50th anniversary in 1972.

Preston Cook

a little more attention mechanically and were equipped with manual transition.

I started working as a student operator at Manly at age 15 in 1968 and had the pleasure of dispatching trains with my brothers' and father's names on the train sheet. Years later, working at MC Tower in Joliet or as a dispatcher in Des Moines, I would see the 630 and 652 in their waning years. My dad retired from railroading in 1976, and in late '77 I left my beloved Rock Island to become an operating officer on Canadian Pacific. By then the 630 and 652 had become celebrities: 630 was the last operating E6 anywhere, and 652 was given a special paint scheme for the

nation's Bicentennial. Both escaped the torch, and found a home on the Midland Railway tourist line in Baldwin City, Kans. When the two units came up for sale in 2009, I knew I had to ensure their preservation, so I arranged for their purchase.

STATIC DISPLAY — FOR NOW

Several hundred thousand dollars, some contributed by RI fans, paid for cosmetic and running-gear work at Mid-America Car, Inc., of Kansas City, Mo. Although they look pretty good today in their mid-1960s livery, they are a long way from being operable, but we hope to return them to full operating condition.



In 1976, 20th Century Railroad Club volunteers repainted E8 652 in a scheme keyed to the U.S. Bicentennial and the Rock's scrappy spirit.

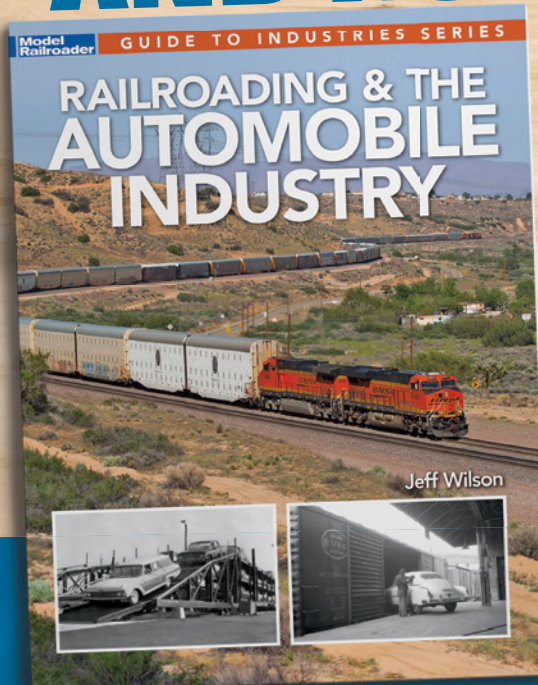
Robert A. Cafilisch, Helen Cafilisch collection

We wanted to have them at La Salle Street Station in September 2018 for the Nickel Plate 2-8-4 765 *Joliet Rocket* excursions, but the discovery of broken coil springs on the trucks nixed their trip to Chicago. We hope to have them back into moveable service next year. Another million dollars will probably be needed to restore them completely, but at least they are still existing for static display. Art Sabin died in 1998, but I know he'd be proud. **I**

DAN SABIN, president of Iowa Northern Railroad, has had five bylines in CLASSIC TRAINS publications. To learn more, e-mail him at No17Eng654@aol.com.

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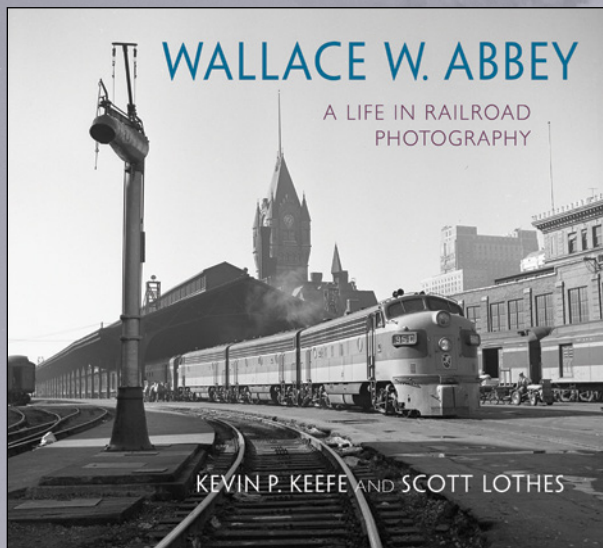
Milwaukee's hometown station

There's a lull in activity at the Milwaukee Road's rambling red-brick station facing Everett Street on the south edge of downtown Milwaukee at 11:10 a.m. on Thursday, November 14, 1935. The many carts parked at the Railway Express building at left in the photo are evidence that the six-track, 600-foot trainshed will see plenty of activity at other times throughout the day; six months earlier, folks were lined up to tour the new *Hiawatha* streamliner on display here. Noted local architect Edward Townsend Mix designed the towered and gabled depot building, erected in 1886, when the railroad's name was Chicago, Milwau-

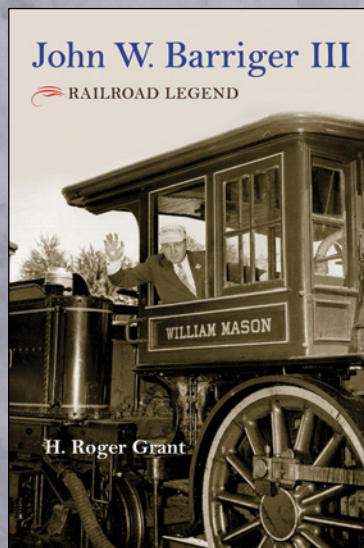
kee & St. Paul. The light-colored structure with the twin smokestacks just beyond the station is the Public Service Building, headquarters of The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co. and terminal for all interurban routes out of Milwaukee. Today, offices of TMER&L successor We Energies occupy that building, but MILW's Everett Street station fell to the wrecking ball as part of a freeway-related relocation project in 1965. That same year, Everett Street's replacement, not known as a triumph of architectural design, opened two blocks to the south; later, the electric company put an office building on the site of the old depot. ■

CLASSIC TRAINS collection

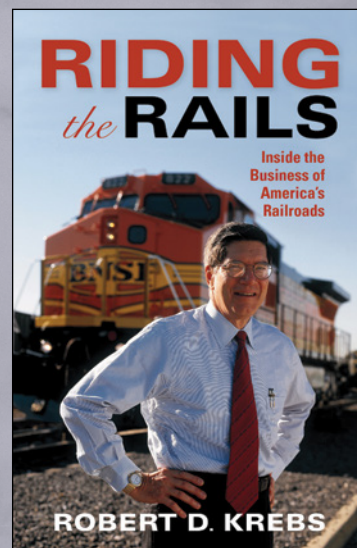
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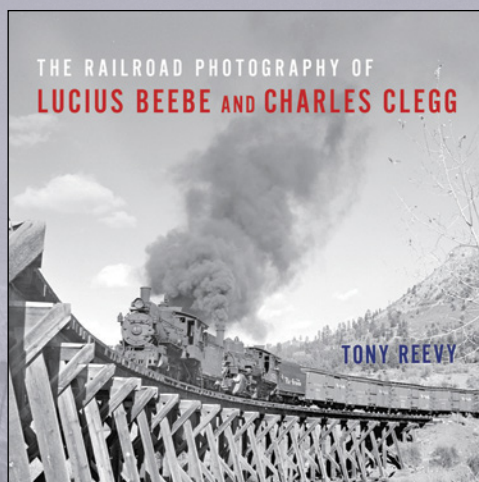
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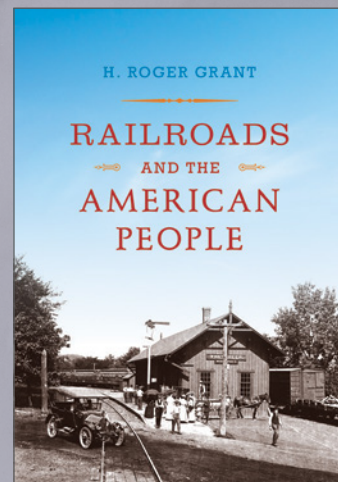


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